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OFF SCARBOROUGH.

"WE'LL RUN UP THE "UNION" AND SEE WHAT PAPA SAYS."

London Editors and Reporters.

NO. II.

NEWSPAPER EDITORS AND POLITICAL WRITERS.

THE name of Woodfall is a landmark in the history of the newspaper press. It marks the close of one epoch and the beginning of another. VOL. IV.—NO. III.

other. It is permanently associated with the latest and the most celebrated of those literary politicians who used the columns of the news-

paper for their own purposes, and it also introduces that feature which is now the most noticeable in our modern newspapers. One Woodfall was the publisher of 'Junius'; another began the modern system of parliamentary reporting.

There were two brothers of the name. The sons of a respectable and flourishing printer in the City of London, they followed their father's business, and extended it. Henry Sampson Woodfall was the printer of the 'Public Advertiser,' to whom 'Junius' sent his communications anonymously, never through the long period of their correspondence taking off his mask, and at last making over to him the entire copyright of the letters, in token of the honourable manner in which the printer had stood by the author. William Woodfall became the printer of the 'Morning Chronicle,' which was started in 1769. His connexion with the mechanical department led to other engagements, and he soon afterwards added to his duties those of editor and reporter. Division of labour was a branch of political economy little discussed in those days, though, no doubt, men practised it long before they found a scientific name for it; but the truth was, there was not at that time in any of these departments labour enough to divide. Of his triple duties, the effects of only one has come down to us. The early sheets of the paper are in the hands only of antiquaries, or lie on the shelves of the British Museum; so that few can know how he discharged his calling either as printer or editor. But of his reporting, the press traditions are full; and, after making every allowance for the exaggerated expressions of those to whom the whole process of reporting was new, his work was a wonderful feat, and such as justly to entitle him to the designation of 'Memory Woodfall,' by which he was generally known.* It was his practice to go down early to the House of Commons, and secure for himself a favourite corner in the

front row of the strangers' gallery. There he sat the long night through, never budging from his place, so-lacing himself, as he grew faint, with the indigestible but portable dainty of a hard-boiled egg, and with his eyes and his attention fixed upon the various speakers, but without taking a single note: the appearance of a notebook or pencil would have led to immediate expulsion by the sergeant-at-arms or his messengers. He would absorb, as it were, the whole scene passing before him, and would reproduce it on paper, to the extent of several columns, in time for the publication of the following evening. In this way he gave a character to the 'Chronicle,' which raised it far above all its contemporaries. Other papers, of course, followed in his wake; literary men, blessed with good memories, became in great demand, and were liberally paid—as literary pay went in those days—to devote their nights to the gallery of Parliament, and their days to writing out as much of what had passed there as they could recollect; but, so long as he had to encounter only single reporters, Woodfall outdistanced them all. Some of them might be equal to him in one part of the work, others in another; one man might remember as much, another might express it as elegantly, and a third might reproduce it with as much despatch; but Woodfall had the union of all three, to an extent which none of them could match. In that feature which was most apparent to the reader, and in which they were most interested, some of his contemporaries were woefully behind him. It was no uncommon thing for some of them to be seven days in arrear with their parliamentary debates. As the memory of each unwritten day's proceedings grew dim with the fresh overlaid stratum of the subsequent debates, it may be imagined that, when they did at last appear, it was in a rapid and colourless form. Woodfall, on the contrary, was always methodical, and always punctual; the debates were never delayed beyond the following evening, so that members going down to the House might purchase on the way the report of

* We are indebted to H. D. Woodfall, Esq., for permission to copy the accompanying portrait from an oil-painting in the possession of the family.—[Ed. L. S.]

what they said on the evening before. The very perfection to which he had carried his system led to its downfall. He could not be beaten by individual skill, he might be overpowered by numbers. If he did the work of six men, the obvious resource of a rival was to engage six men to do the work, and this way was not long in being struck out.

The first suggester was James Perry, a name still more extensively known in connection with the newspaper press than that of Woodfall himself. Perry was a native of Aberdeen, where his father was a house-carpenter. In his native town the name was, and still is, spelt Pirie, but the young adventurer softened it as he came south. His early life was an adventurous one. He acquired the rudiments of education in one of the parish schools, to which Scotland and Scotchmen owe so much, and was for three years a student in the Marischal College of his native town. He then became articled to a Mr. Fordyce, an attorney, or 'advocate,' as the Aberdeen solicitors insist on being called; but, while conning the intricacies of Scotch law, things were not going well at the paternal hearth. His father had fallen into difficulties, and it is probable that the son never cared much for the law—at least so we infer from his next movement; for a company of strolling players coming to Aberdeen, he was induced to join them, and made a theatrical campaign in the neighbouring towns of Montrose, Dundee, Arbroath, Perth, &c. It does not appear that his associates rated his histrionic talents very highly. The most important character he was intrusted with was that of Sempronius, in Addison's tragedy; and it is even said that he was occasionally employed to relieve the dulness of the acting by dancing a hornpipe between the acts. As the company proceeded southward, and approached the more genteel region of Edinburgh, their opinion was still more plainly pronounced. Digges, the manager, politely bowed him out of the company, with the consoling assurance that his Aberdonian brogue

would be an insuperable bar to theatrical success. Thus thrown upon the world, he turned his attention to commerce, and, proceeding to Manchester, he obtained a situation as a clerk in the establishment of a Mr. Dinwoodie, whose name sufficiently intimates his Scottish origin, and accounts for Perry finding employment in his office. He remained here two years, and discharged his duties with painstaking fidelity. But for all that, the ledger was as unsuited to his tastes as the law had been before; and, taking leave of his employers, he started for London, as many of his countrymen had done before him, determined to devote himself to literature.

The story of his first connection with newspapers is curious enough, though we dare say there are many brilliant ornaments of the profession who could tell as singular tales of the lucky chances which first led them in that direction. Perry had come to London with introductions to several booksellers, meaning to begin life, as Johnson and other famous men had begun it before him, as a publisher's drudge. But work at that time happened to be not very plentiful, and to all his applications a negative answer was returned. About that time a new paper had been started, under the title of the 'General Advertiser,' and Perry, by way of amusing his enforced leisure, struck off sundry light sketches, varied with occasional letters to the editor, which he dropped into the letter-box of the office, without any name affixed to them. As he found these articles were invariably inserted, he was led on step by step to write more; but it does not appear that he ever thought of introducing himself to the editor as the author of the sketches that found so much favour in his eyes. Fortune was to visit him from another quarter; for, in the midst of this literary employment, he did not forget the purpose for which he came to London, but went on in his daily and discouraging calls on the booksellers for employment. One day he called on Messrs. Richardson and Urquhart, a publishing firm, to whom, among others, he had had in-

introductions. He saw Mr. Urquhart, a countryman of his own, who was engaged in reading the 'Daily Advertiser.' Scarcely lifting his eyes from the paper, he returned the usual cold negative answer; and then moved by some sudden impulse, he said to him, 'If you could write such an article as this, I would find you immediate employment.' He pointed, as he spoke, to an article in the 'Advertiser,' which Perry on glancing at, recognized as his last anonymous contribution. Of course he claimed it, closed with the offer of the worthy publisher; and to prove that he was not imposing on his credulity, he produced from his pocket another article of the same nature, which he was on his way to deposit in the editorial letter-box. To him that interview was the stroke of fate, for Messrs. Richardson and Urquhart were the principal proprietors of the paper; and Mr. Perry's articles proved that he was just the kind of young man they wanted. Modern newspaper men will smile, and modern newspaper proprietors will envy, when they learn what was considered the fair remuneration for a newspaper writer in those days. For his daily services on the 'Advertiser' he accepted a salary of a guinea a week, with an extra half-guinea for any services he might render to an evening paper with which the firm was also connected. Nor let it be supposed that the work was proportioned to the pay. For this pittance all Perry's powers were devoted to the service of his employers. Among his other duties he was employed to report, that having become a prime qualification for a newspaper man; and he soon had an opportunity of proving his powers.

The nation was then in the heat of the American war, but that war had gradually changed its character. From an arrogant and presumptuous attempt to coerce what was deemed a mere handful of colonists, it had become a struggle for existence; for all the great powers of Europe had gloated over our difficulties, and finally joined with the colonists in the attempt to circumscribe our

dominion and cripple our power. It was then, as still more conspicuously on a later occasion, England against the world; and at each time the proud spirit of the islanders rose superior to every effort to subdue it. France was the first to adopt this ungenerous method of wiping out the memory of former defeats; and the nation fully accepted the issue. Perhaps the Ministers of King George III. were never more popular than on the day when they announced the declaration of war against France. Party spirit was, for the time, fused in the crucible of patriotism. On all sides came promises of support to the ministers; and they, not to be outdone in public spirit, chose the admiral for the fleet, that was at once ordered to be fitted out, from among the ranks of the opposition. Admiral Keppel left England in the midst of as high-wrought expectations of conquest as another popular admiral left our shores a few years ago for the Baltic; and these expectations were doomed to be as completely disappointed. The hostile fleets met off Cape Ushant; the English failed in forcing them into close action, and the French celebrated a triumph because they had not been destroyed. The mortification at home was deep and bitter; the friends of the admiral threw the blame on Sir Hugh Palliser, second in command, who had been selected from the ministerial ranks for the very purpose, it was said, of thwarting and bringing discredit on the popular chief. The quarrel ended in a court-martial being held on both officers, which was held at Portsmouth, and lasted for six weeks. It was this court-martial that brought out young Perry's aptitude for newspaper work. He was sent down to report the proceedings of the court; and it is said that day by day, for six weeks together, he was in the habit of sending up a report which occupied five or six columns of the newspaper. He thus far outstripped his rivals; and as the trial was the theme of universal interest, the 'Advertiser' was sought for everywhere, and the reputation of the

reporter was largely increased. It was then something quite new on newspaper work, though, doubtless, it has often been surpassed since. The columns, of course, bore no proportion to the Brobdingnagian lengths of the present day. There is no court in the country so favourable to reporting as a court-martial, for every question must be put in writing by the interrogator, then read over to the court, and if they approve of it, and allow it to be put to the witness, it is copied out in full by their clerk, and then read over to the witness before he is allowed to answer; and when he has done so the answer he gives is recorded in full before another question can be put. Of course, Mr. Perry would be able to write at least as quickly as the clerk of the court. And for the pleadings, we may be sure that Mr. Perry would content himself with a pretty full outline of the counsel's speech, embracing the principal points and indicating the special bearing of his argument—such a summary, in fact, as that we see in a first-class newspaper of the speech of the Chancellor of the Exchequer when he brings forward his budget. The real marvel lay in his being able to continue at his monotonous task, unflagging from day to day for six whole weeks together.

Soon after this, Woodfall left the 'Morning Chronicle,' apparently in some quarrel with the proprietors, and commenced a new journal which he called the 'Diary.' To this paper he carried his peculiar facilities for gallery reporting, which he apparently expected would do as much for the 'Diary' as they had formerly done for the 'Chronicle.' He did not seem to have been afraid of a new system of reporting which Perry had first introduced on the 'Advertiser,' and which he now elaborated and arranged on a more complete scale on the 'Chronicle,' to which he succeeded on Woodfall's retirement. For though Perry himself was nearly a match for Woodfall in his own department of reporting; yet he knew the work required special ca-

pabilities which were seldom to be found in the same individual. He therefore devised an arrangement by which not one man but several should do the work; and thus inaugurated the system which continues in force to the present day. The arrangement, however, must, in the first instance, have been crude and imperfect; and Woodfall, confident of his own powers, waged a tough, though, in the end, a losing battle with his less capable but more numerous rivals. We can fancy the disdain, not unmixed with fear, which the old man would entertain for this irruption upon the territory where he had so long reigned supreme; and all the traditions of that period which have come down to us indicate those feelings. He is represented (whilst known to be a genial man in private life—a kind husband and father) as a rather taciturn man, holding no communication with those around him, wholly absorbed in the business, retaining his seat from the beginning to the end of the proceedings, and only satisfying the demands of appetite with the hard-boiled egg which he brought from home in his pocket, and which it was the special delight of the young wags, his rivals, slyly to abstract from its depository and substitute an unboiled one in its stead—an annoyance for which Woodfall never failed to certify his resentment by every demonstration which so silent and self-contained a man could make. The wonder is, now, how he managed, single-handed, to make head so long as he did against the decided superiority of the new system. But to say nothing of the reputation he had acquired, and which would not fail either him or his newspaper for many a day, it is plain that the system of the reliefs must have been imperfectly developed. It must have been so from the nature of the case, for the reporters had not then, nor for many years afterwards, a gallery to themselves, which they could enter or leave at their pleasure. They were indebted for their seat, like other strangers, to a member's order, and like other strangers they were treated; with them, as with

others, it was 'first come first served,' and an unlucky reporter who happened to be late might find the gallery filled, and his place lost for the evening, not for himself alone, but for all his comrades who had arranged to meet him. The great object of the reporters was to secure the centre seats in the front row of the gallery; and to obtain one of these cost a struggle every evening. On nights when a great debate was expected the first reporter for each paper would have to waste the whole day in the lobby, waiting till the gallery doors were opened, and then the rush for places commenced. It happened of course that they often lost the seats they aimed at, though by degrees, as time moved on, a sort of prescriptive right was established, and strangers visiting the gallery instinctively avoided what had come to be considered as the reporters' seats. But still the necessity for the reporters being among the first to take their seats could not be dispensed with; and long and dreary were the waitings to which they were subjected. This continued even down to a late period, and occasionally they got into trouble. One fiery little Welshman came down to take his turn, fresh from the festivities of St. David's Day. The House had met, but strangers were not admitted till after prayers. The Welshman, excited by his potations, began kicking at the unopened door, and startled the members at their devotions. The sergeant-at-arms came round and seized the offending reporter and he was lodged in the cellar. His companions sent an explanation of the circumstances to the Speaker, Mr. Manners Sutton, but at first he was disposed to treat the matter with more severity when he knew the offence had been committed by a reporter. However, he was willing to discharge him on his making an apology through the sergeant. But here a fresh obstacle occurred. The stubborn Welshman, in his then excited state, held that it was derogatory to his dignity to apologize to any man living, and the baffled sergeant was obliged to carry back to the Speaker the non-success

of his mission. But along with it he carried another missive from the other reporters, who did for their colleague what he refused to do for himself, and pleaded the licence of St. David's Day as his excuse. This the Speaker was good-natured enough to accept, the Welshman was released, and he gaily mounted the stairs to the gallery, calling out to his companions to bear witness that he had made no apology. Such were some of the difficulties connected with obtaining admission: the difficulty of getting out and giving place to another was quite as great. It was impossible that a reporter should leave his seat and cause confusion in the gallery when an orator was in the full flow of eloquence; he must wait till some halt occurred in the proceedings; and hence it would often happen that a reporter might be detained in his place for a full hour after he ought to have been relieved. It was provoking, too, that the more important the speech the longer he was likely to be engaged over his turn. Still, with all these disadvantages, as we are inclined to deem them, the system of reporting the debates by a succession of reliefs made way, and soon asserted its superiority over the single-handed style of Woodfall. That system could only have been a transitional one; it was not to be expected that Woodfall could have had a successor; and, besides, the growing demands for fulness, accuracy, and expedition, could not have been met by the reports as he produced them; but still the foundation of the modern style of reporting the debates must, in all fairness, be attributed to the practice of Memory Woodfall.

While the 'Morning Chronicle' was thus proceeding on its road to fame, the 'Morning Post' had started in the same career. It differed from the 'Chronicle' in this, that while the one owed its success mainly to the exertions, industry, and ability of its editor, Mr. Perry, the specialty of the other lay in calling forth the talents of young and then obscure men, many of whom afterwards became famous in their own generation, and whose memory is still green in

ours. The editor, whose discerning eye was thus quick to detect the dawnings of youthful genius, was also a Scotchman, Mr. Peter Stuart, who, with an elder brother, Charles, had come to London some years before, and embarked in the London press. Neither of them seem to have been remarkable for the ability of their own writings, but they seemed born with the idea that all the genius of the land was sent to be impressed into their service and to do them homage. Do our readers recollect the clever rhyming epistle of Burns to a gentleman who had sent him a newspaper and offered to continue it regularly without charge? That newspaper there is good reason to believe was sent to him by one of the brothers Stuart, and, further, that his offer contained more than a mere proposal to continue it. The story was first referred to by Dr. Currie in his life of Burns, prefixed to the first posthumous edition of his works. The biographer relates, somewhat in the tone of complaint, that an offer had been made to the poet, from the editor of a London newspaper, of an engagement by which he was to have a guinea a week for occasional contributions to the 'Star,' then just started, which happens to have been the first evening newspaper published. Dr. Currie's tone of complaint appears to have been caught from the family, and in all probability came originally from the poet himself, as if the offer were unworthy of his powers. At all events we know it was declined; and there is something abrupt and curt in the irony of the poem referred to, and in his sending back the newspaper, that bears out the suggestion that the poem accompanied the declination, and was meant definitely to close all correspondence between them. Yet it is difficult to understand on what ground the poet declined the offer. It could not have been from his dislike of newspapers, for we know that he deigned to correspond with newspapers, and with London newspapers too; a cutting comment on the sermon of a country clergyman, preached in a place of which nine-tenths of the cockneys of that day never heard, and addressed to the

London 'Oracle,' being still retained in the editions of his works. Nor could it have been because he thought the salary too small; it was shabby pay, no doubt; but Burns with all his cleverness never found out the modern secret of coining his genius into gold. In his eyes a bard could not be a bard unless he was poor; and, besides, the salary was more than equal to the annual sum paid him by the Government for his duties as an exciseman. It is probable that the suspicious and irritable temper of the poet led him to think that there was something degrading to his independence in having to write at the will and, in great measure, at the dictation of another. He preferred writing ballad after ballad as his own wayward fancy inspired him, and giving them away to Johnson for nothing, to be by him turned into a mine of wealth in which the poet had no share, to earning a modest competence by a few articles at regularly recurring seasons. Probably after all he took a more accurate measure of his powers than the sanguine editor. It is evident now that Burns never could have been brought to work in harness. And had the engagement issued, as it might easily have done, in removing him to London altogether, it would in all likelihood have prevented him from working at all. His genius was so essentially local, it was so thoroughly steeped in the scenery, habits, prejudices, traditions, and associations of his native land, that it would have pined in the, to him, unsuggestive localities of the sunny south. It might have been better for him and his, but it would have been worse for his country and for posterity. We should, in all probability, have lost the poet and got nothing in his place but a crude and turgid paragraph writer.

The Burns speculation failed in the hands of one Mr. Stuart. Another offer to a writer of wider powers but of the same wayward genius did not, in the end, turn out much better in the hands of another. It was through Daniel Stuart that Samuel Taylor Coleridge first became distinctly identified with the newspaper press. There are, indeed, indications that

he had written occasional articles before his connection with Stuart, for he refers in his '*Biographia Literaria*' to his supporting himself from that source at a date anterior to Stuart's engagement. If these are not slips of memory—with Coleridge no unusual thing—the articles are not now known, and we first come upon the track of his newspaper writing in connection with Stuart and in the columns of the '*Morning Post*.' That newspaper had been bought by Stuart in the year 1795, and Coleridge soon afterwards became an occasional contributor, but it was not till the year 1800 that he became a regular member of the staff. In those days the first department on which all men, whatever their powers, was tried was the Parliamentary gallery, and Coleridge was no exception to the general rule, though scarcely any man could have been more unfitted for the work. He has himself left on record a most amusing specimen of the way in which this part of his work was got over by him. Although its accuracy has been challenged in some of its details, there is little doubt that the main narrative was substantially true. On one occasion, when Pitt was expected to make a great speech, Coleridge was sent to report it. We have already described how the reporters in those days were jostled and even liable to be unseated by casual strangers; and to avoid that catastrophe Coleridge wended his way down to St. Stephen's and took up his position by nine o'clock in the morning, and waited patiently till the business of the evening began and Pitt commenced his harrangue. But the long hours, the want of proper food and exercise, and, in the end, the crush and steam of the crowded gallery and hall were too much for the wearied-powers of the genius, and after Pitt's opening sentences, and just as the orator was warming with his subject, Coleridge began to nod. The more eloquent the orator became the more drowsy waxed the imaginative reporter. He never exactly fell asleep, but continued, for as long as the speech lasted, in that painful, semi-conscious, torpid condition in which vigilance contends

with sleep, each assuming the mastery by turns, and ending in a drawn battle. But the speech thus imperfectly heard, still more imperfectly comprehended, and only noted down in fragments, was to be reported, and reported at once. Coleridge went home, scanned his notes, pieced them together in the best manner he could, and from disjointed fragments scattered up and down the pages of his notebook he set to work to reconstruct the speech much as a geologist would frame a mastodon from a few fossil fragments placed before him. Whatever else the speech might want we may be sure it was not lacking in ingenuity of argument, brilliancy of illustration, or finish of composition; and Coleridge closes his account of the adventure by stating that no less a personage than Mr. Canning, then the devoted adherent of Pitt, called the next day at the publishing office of the newspaper to ascertain the name of the reporter. The desired information was refused, to Coleridge's chagrin, when he came to know of the circumstance, and his pride as an author must have been gratified, however his vanity as a reporter might be snubbed, by the remark of the future prime minister, that the speech did more credit to the head than to the memory of the reporter. He was soon, however, transferred to a department more suited to his powers, as a political and literary writer for the paper. His own account of his engagement, the terms he made, and the principles on which he wrote, is conceived in quite a magniloquent vein. 'He made it a condition,' he says, 'that the paper should be thenceforward conducted on certain fixed and announced principles, and that he should neither be obliged nor requested to deviate from them in favour of any party or any event.' Hence the paper, which had hitherto supported Pitt, became somewhat anti-ministerial, while yet it did not go far enough to please the Opposition. As to the principles he laid down for his own guidance, he tells us, 'On every great occurrence I endeavoured to discover in past history the event that most nearly re-



JAMES PERRY,
OF "THE MORNING CHRONICLE."

sembled it. I procured, wherever it was possible, the contemporary historians, memorialists, and pamphleteers. Then fairly subtracting the points of difference from those of likeness, if the balance favoured the former or the latter, I conjectured that the result would be the same or different. In the series of essays entitled "A Comparison of France under Napoleon with Rome under the First Cæsars," and in those which followed, "On the Probable Final Restoration of the Bourbons," I feel myself authorised to affirm, by the effect produced on many intellectual men, that were the dates wanting it might have been suspected that the essays had been written within the last twelve months. The same plan I pursued at the commencement of the Spanish revolution, and with the same success, taking the war of the United Provinces with Philip II. as the groundwork of the comparison. Armed with the twofold knowledge of history and of the human mind, a man will scarcely err in his judgment concerning the sum total of any future national event, if he have been able to procure the original documents of the past together with authentic accounts of the present; and if he have a philosophic taste for what is truly important as facts, and in most instances, therefore, for such facts as the dignity of history has excluded from the volumes of our modern compilers by the writers of the age entitled historians.'

Perhaps so. We would not dispute for an instant the value of a judgment formed after such an examination by such a man. But in thus collecting the authentic facts of passing events, and in thus collating, sifting, straining off all that a mind with a philosophic taste judges to be truly valuable in ancient historians, memorialists, pamphleteers, what becomes of the exigencies of a daily newspaper? And to come to the case more directly in hand, in all this dictation of what the newspaper was to be, and the principles on which it was to be conducted, what place is there left for the general editor and, indeed, the proprietor, Mr. Daniel Stuart? It is not to be wondered at that he should have

felt annoyed at being thus quietly pushed out of sight. It appears, however, that it was not so much the ignoring of his existence as his being dragged forward in an invidious light that moved this gentleman to stand on his own defence. Were it given forth to the world that he was a cipher in his own establishment it might have been borne, but when Mr. Coleridge went on to say, as he did, that by those appliances, so grandly described, he raised the circulation of the 'Post' to seven thousand a day, while the remuneration he received from Stuart was hardly sufficient to maintain existence, it was not in human nature to be longer silent. A series of letters was published by him in the 'Gentleman's Magazine' for 1838, in his own defence, and making retaliatory charges against Coleridge, which again were replied to, in a rather acrimonious manner, by the poet's son, in the pages of the same magazine, and for the same year. With the controversy, considered as a controversy, we do not propose to interfere, but the correspondence brings out some features of newspaper life which are worth extracting. We have seen Coleridge's theory of newspaper writing, as illustrated by his own practice. Let us have a peep at the other side of the picture, and see that practice as reported by the less flattering pen of Mr. Stuart. 'Having arranged with him,' says the editor, 'the matter of a leading paragraph one day, I went about six o'clock for it. I found him stretched on the sofa groaning with pain. He had not written a word, nor could he write. The subject was one of a temporary, unimportant, and a pressing nature. I returned to the 'Morning Post' office, wrote it out myself, and then I went to Coleridge, at Howell's, read it over, begged he would correct it, and decorate it a little with some of his graceful touches. When I had done reading he exclaimed, "Me correct that? It is as well written as I or any other man could write it." And so I was obliged to content myself with my own works.' It is right to add that Mr. Stuart does full justice to Coleridge's powers, and only regrets that they

were so seldom exercised in the paper on which he was engaged. He denies, however, that his writings raised the circulation of the paper to the extent Coleridge represents it. His appearances in its columns were too fitful and intermittent for that. The best things he wrote in its columns were the 'Devil's Walk' and the 'Character of Pitt.' This last made a great sensation, and was read with delight and profit. A character of Buonaparte by the same hand was announced, but it never made its appearance. 'Often,' says Mr. Stuart, 'was he asked for its publication, but he never could persuade Coleridge to finish his undertaking.'

It will be inferred from the extracts we have given, that the brilliant writer and the matter-of-fact editor did not always draw well together. In truth, it is only necessary for the reader to place himself alternately in that point of view in which each of the parties wrote, and he will see that there is no real contradiction between them. Coleridge and Coleridge's friends thought much of the profoundly original essay, full charged with weighty truths, and glittering with the coruscations of a fancy as brilliant and as changeful as the kaleidoscope. The editor no doubt admired them too—when they came. But what availed the richest gifts and capabilities, if these were only fitfully exercised? It was a just subject of pride for Coleridge, and one on which he might well be pardoned for dilating, that Fox had once done him the honour of denouncing him in the House of Commons as having caused, by his articles in the 'Morning Post,' the rupture of the Peace of Amiens. But Mr. Stuart was thinking of the frequent irritating disappointments he must have had, when waiting till midnight for the often-promised 'copy' of the leading article, he found that he must not depend on his gifted but most capricious condutor, and tired, chagrined, angry, and all unprepared, he must sit down to write it himself. These are the trials of the editor of a daily newspaper, and no fine writing will in his eyes excuse

unpunctuality. We have only to think, indeed, of the precision, pitiless as the stroke of destiny, with which a morning newspaper must be brought out, how many subordinate agencies are at work to produce that wondrous sheet, and how easily the failure of one single agent might throw the whole into disorder, to understand how, in the eyes of a newspaper editor, the virtue which stands highest,—higher than intellect, higher than brilliancy, higher even than genius itself,—is punctuality. It was this that induced a gentleman who we believe is now the oldest, and certainly not the least successful of London editors, to say to a new aspirant for a place on his staff: 'I have a horror of clever men. A sensible, sound-headed man may now and then be dull, but I can depend upon his doing what is to be done; while a clever man is almost always an erratic man, and you never know when you have him.' Now this uncertainty was, no doubt, Coleridge's great crime in Stuart's eyes; and though we, who can peruse at our leisure the pregnant papers he wrote under that engagement, may well accord to them our admiration, yet we ought not altogether to refuse our sympathy to the irascible, fiery, and sorely-tried editor, who had the pabulum of each returning day to provide, and whose irritation must naturally have increased with each returning disappointment.

Coleridge was not the only writer that Stuart contrived to secure for his papers who has since left a name behind him. Sir James Mackintosh, who had come up, like Perry before him, from the College of Aberdeen, to push his fortune in London, found employment for some time in writing for the newspapers; and having subsequently married the sister of Mr. Stuart, he was at one time a regular writer for that gentleman. It must be noted here, however, that Stuart had two newspapers: the 'Post' in the morning, and the 'Courier' in the evening, and that he personally superintended both. Southey never, we believe, engaged in newspaper work on his own account; but he frequently wrote for

his brother-in-law, Coleridge, which probably contributed to keep up Coleridge's connection with Stuart longer than would otherwise have been the case. But of all the authors of that period, the one whose connection with newspaper life we would have thought to be the least likely was Charles Lamb. It would hardly have been believed, had he not himself assured us of the fact; having devoted one of his later essays to his recollections of a newspaper life thirty-five years before; and very queer recollections they are. Lamb, of course, knew nothing of politics, and Stuart knew nothing of any matter but politics. Had he had an eye in his head, he could hardly have failed to recognise in the little shy, nervous, shrinking, pale-faced man before him a mine of wealth, who could give to his paper a distinctiveness and a speciality that would have distanced all competitors. What he actually thought of him he has left on record. 'As for good Charles Lamb, I never could make anything of his writings. Coleridge often and repeatedly pressed me to settle him on a salary, and often and repeatedly did I try; but it would not do. Of politics he knew nothing: they were not of his line of reading and thought—and the drollery was rapid when given in short paragraphs fit for a newspaper.' Why the 'drollery,' as Mr. Stuart chooses to call that delicious and subtle, yet genial, flow of fancy which characterises all Lamb's writings was necessary to be compressed into short paragraphs, in order to render it fit for a newspaper, we are not informed. Perry was not of that opinion when, years afterwards, he opened the columns of his evening paper to a series of sketches by a young man, then a reporter on his staff, who subsequently, and first of all by these very sketches, rose to fame, and whose name, whether as 'Boz' or Charles Dickens, is now mentioned as a household word wherever the English language is spoken. It seems, however, to have been the fashion at that time, before the advent of 'Punch,' who is now regarded as a regular quarry from which jokes

may be extracted by most of our provincial newspapers, that each London paper should keep a joker of its own. 'In those days,' says Lamb, 'every morning paper, as an essential retainer to its establishment, kept an author who was bound to furnish daily a quantum of witty paragraphs. Sixpence a joke—and it was thought pretty high too—was Dan Stuart's settled remuneration in these cases. The chat of the day, scandal, and, above all, dress, furnished the material. The length of no paragraph was to exceed seven lines. Shorter they might be, but they must be poignant.' That was the situation which Lamb held on Stuart's paper, and how he groaned under it he also tells us. 'No Egyptian taskmaster ever devised a slavery like to that of our slavery. No fractious operants ever turned out for half the tyranny which this necessity exercised upon us. Half a dozen jests in a day (bating Sundays too), why, it seems nothing! We make twice the number every day in our lives, as a matter of course, and claim no sabbatical exemptions. But then they come into our head. But when the head has to go out to them—when the mountain must go to Mahomet—reader, try it for me only one short twelve-month.'

We might copy the whole essay, but that the majority of our readers probably have it already by heart; yet, for the benefit of the unhappy few, or rather those happy ones, to whom Lamb is yet an unknown luxury—who have yet to taste him for the first time, with those emotions he has so quaintly depicted in his 'Essay on Roast Pig,'—we must give his account of a brother joker of his. One 'Bob Allen, our quondam schoolfellow, was tapping his impracticable brains in a like service for the "Oracle." Not that Robert troubled himself much about wit. If his paragraphs had a sprightly air about them, it was sufficient. He carried this nonchalance so far at last, that a matter of intelligence, and that no very important one, was not seldom palmed upon his employers for a good jest; for example's sake:—"Walking, yes-

terday morning, casually down Snow Hill, who should we meet but Mr. Deputy Humphreys. We rejoice to add that the worthy deputy appeared to enjoy a good state of health. We do not ever remember to have seen him look better." He had better have met anything that morning than a Common Councilman. His services were shortly afterwards dispensed with, on the plea that his paragraphs of late had been deficient in point. . . . We traced our friend's pen afterwards in the "True Briton," the "Star," the "Traveller"—from all which he was successively dismissed, the proprietors having no further occasion for his services. Nothing was easier than to detect him. When wit failed, or topics were low, there constantly appeared the following:—"It is not generally known that the three blue balls at the pawn-brokers' shops are the ancient arms of Lombardy. The Lombards were the first money-brokers in Europe." Bob has done more to set the public right on this important point of blazonry than the whole College of Heralds.' Lamb's account of his separation from the 'Morning Post,' by the way, somewhat differs from Stuart's version. He represents himself as transferred to another paper (which soon after expired), by a change in the proprietors; but it is quite possible that the loose off-and-on sort of connection which he had with Stuart may have thrown his memory somewhat at fault. It cannot be that he had any wish to conceal anything that tended to his own disadvantage; for Stuart himself does not speak with more disrespect of his lucubrations than this gentle, kindly, and most modest of men does of them himself.

In closing this paper, it is instructive to mark the number of men, afterwards eminent in letters or in practical life, who began their career by writing in a newspaper. And yet we believe, with scarcely an exception, the biographers of these men affect to think that their talents were wasted in that occupation, and lament that so much time and industry as they displayed had not been devoted to more congenial work. The

truth we believe to have been exactly the other way. Many of these would never have been authors at all, if their immature powers had not first been braced and disciplined in the columns of a newspaper; and in every case the remuneration thus obtained proved a valuable resource to them, while they were slowly and in silence laying the foundations of their future fame. We are, no doubt, pointed to men, of some of whom we have given slight notices in the present sketch, and we shall meet more hereafter, who have been early initiated into newspaper life, become so bound up in the system, allowed their minds to run so continuously in that level groove, that they never emerged from it, but spent their undoubtedly great powers in compositions which were produced for the day, and deservedly died with the day. But, examining closely the character of these men, we shall find that the secret of their failure lay not in the nature of their work, but in themselves; and the probability is that such men, if there had been no newspapers on which to employ their powers, would have remained equally obscure, without the merit of having been equally useful. There is no instance of a man of original, inventive, and eagerly active powers being prevented by his connection with newspapers from distinguishing himself in any department of literature to which he wished to turn his attention. We might go farther, and say that there is no other profession which supplies more facilities for study and incentives to research. It has its dangers, no doubt: its besetting temptation is the tendency to lose one's self in the multiplicity of those subjects of interest which daily appeal to him; but, keeping those tendencies under control, the newspaper writer has time enough at his command to devote to his favourite object of study, while his professional avocations keep his intellect bright and keen, and effectually check any disposition to stagnate and vegetate amid a collection of books. It would be difficult to over-estimate the advantages which newspaper writing has opened up for persons who, without any great in-



Drawn by C. Green

"Mr. Nelson," she said, "your attentions are too conspicuous."

[See "My First Attempt."



THE WOMAN IN THE WHITE DRESS

THE END OF THE WORLD

tellectual power, are blessed with literary tastes. It has given them a place and a profession in the world, and, considered merely in a pecuniary point of view, it has yielded them a remuneration which they might not have gained in any other avocation—certainly in none so congenial to their tastes. And it affords a vantage-ground from which any man may, and from time to time

many men do, emerge into fame. It is ungrateful, to say the least of it, for literary men or their friends to abuse a profession which gave them the opportunity to make their first venture into the world of letters, and which, if that venture should prove a failure, stands ready with its friendly aid to break their fall, and receive them again into its ranks.

A FIRST ATTEMPT;

OR, 'EVERY ONE HAS A BIT OF ROMANCE.'

A CURIOUS history is that of my first attempt at a final settlement, matrimonially speaking, in this life. But when I say *first attempt*, I by no means would assert that earlier days had not been witness of youthful follies. I have it on credible grounds, nay more, I believe it is extant both in family legends, traditions, and records, that I was engaged—for life, of course, until death do us, &c.—at the very immature age of *ten*, to a young lady of similar years; what they were exactly, I dare hardly say, seeing that at this time of life the heart, void of discrimination, adores young ladies of whatever age they may be. But that, in this instance, the ages in question were more on a par, may be gathered from the fact that the young lady still blooms, young and fair as the blush rose; but this by the way. Then, too, I must not omit to mention the various desperate declarations made at the salad age of sixteen; when I distinctly remember accompanying a young lady to our gate, and bidding her an adieu that would most decidedly, a few years later, have brought odious brothers, with polite interrogations as to 'intentions'; or, worse even than that, would have indulged the public in general with a hearty laugh at my remarks, messages, &c., of the kind usually dealt out by stony-hearted counsel, solely for their amusement, and for no possible end of justice, in that remnant of the Inquisition—a trial for breach of promise of marriage.

No. When I say my First Attempt, I mean more than all this. As the soft zephyr, toying with the whispering foliage, to the hurricane, hurrying everything in its mad wrath before it; as the babbling stream, scarce making sweet music o'er the pebbles in the brook, to the boisterous sea, tearing up the rocks and the tight-clinging seaweed, and dashing them on the shore. Such these very phantoms of love, brief glimpses, and types of what was to come, to the stern and ardent reality. Man cannot go on trifling for ever. 'Perpetual droppings wear away a stone.' It must come at last; for 'every dog has his day.' And though the minor premise—that every man is a dog—does not equally hold true; yet we may draw the conclusion that every man has his day. At least, if he does not, he is beyond me; he is superhuman. Not for him do I recount tales of past (past, alas!) loves.

'Illi robur et æs triplex,
Circus pectus erat;

(which, for the benefit of our fairer readers, I might translate, 'He had no small amount of brass'). Who can say he has not loved? Let us pass him by, consoling ourselves with that most comforting doctrine—

'Tis better to have loved and lost,
Than never to have loved at all.'

I was at O—f—d; the possessor of many friends. Free as the bird we had all been term after term; till 'a change came o'er the spirit

of their 'dream.' I noticed among them a restlessness, a disappearance for whole days, a returning late at night, an increased amount of correspondence. What could this portend? I could make nothing of it. Such secrets men divulge not but in a very weak moment. That moment, however, came. A lunch was given to celebrate some event; and I was bidden to the feast. Ladies, a great rarity in dingy college rooms, graced the board. Here was the secret out. They were engaged. Their fair fiancées, chaperoned by one of those heaven-sent windfalls, a young (and not *strict*) married lady, had honoured their swains with their presence, under one phase of their bachelor life. Ever anxious to do a friend a good turn, and no doubt wishing to entangle one yet free as closely in the meshes as themselves, they had asked me to 'meet' the ladies, married, single, and engaged, in hopes a stray shot might perchance bring me down. My day was come.

'Mr. Nelson'—'Miss Fanny Hestrie.' Bow, and so on. After lunch to our chapel—one of the lions of the place, and, consequently, duly admired. Then for a walk.

Oh, ye Christ Church meadows! and ye elms rugged with age! what tales of courtship could ye not relate had ye but tongues? From which apostrophe may be gathered that we took that direction for our walk. Being just an even number, Miss Fanny fell to my lot. Well, first walks are by no means interesting, either to narrator or audience. I will merely say that before the aforesaid walk terminated a very fair footing of acquaintance was established: and a general invitation given to the father's house, some dozen miles off.

What are a dozen miles to the young lover? What are fifty miles in these railway days? But rail was far too *slow*, intrinsically speaking; so dog-carts are chartered; and the first day possible a cavalcade set out. The 'bay mare' whirled along a light cart, bearing two ardent lovers; a more ponderous machine, devoid of name, submits, though unwillingly, to be dragged

slowly after by two ponies. In this machine were the new aspirants. We arrived, and found Mr. Hestrie, to use a curious but common expression, *out*. Still there were the young ladies; what more could we wish? and we made the most of our opportunity.

That evening a small accident that happened to the machine, and delayed us about half an hour, settled my fate, as I thought, irretrievably, for life. The animals on starting had indulged in certain freaks peculiar to O—f—d productions, and the pole had broken. Mr. Hestrie kindly offered us his carriage, and we returned into the house till such time as it should be got ready. We all, accidentally, divided into couples, Fanny and I falling, as it were, naturally, to one another's lot. To be brief; it was not long before we made up our minds that we should do very well for one another. This was precipitate—very; and worse, it was imprudent. During the whole evening I had neglected to secure the good opinion of the father. I had indeed made no effort to do so; and the want of this proved the want of one card to support the house (afterwards built, and which afterwards so suddenly collapsed. Here, then, I point a moral, if I do not adorn a tale; let enthusiastic young men remember never to lose an opportunity—particularly the *first*—of securing the good wishes and opinion of the parent. This is no new text on which to preach; but how often is this neglected; how often is total annihilation the result of want of forethought!

But to proceed. I left that night the happiest of men. Perverse, wayward, she was; yet who so likely to succeed where others had failed, as I? I saw her faults, and believed myself the identical person to cure them. With this end in view I went through all the troubles incidental to an admirer naturally jealous; but determined to undergo everything for the end—the final happiness of making her mine, and moulding her wayward character to a gentler form.

There was a friend who was also brought over with us; for the very

purpose, as it seemed, of keeping me on the *qui vive*, and introducing to my favourable notice the little artifices women have for the torment of their especial admirers. Having looked calmly and æsthetically back, with the sole purpose of consoling my wounded spirits, I have evolved the theory, that a woman who torments is primarily not really fond of the tormentee; nor, secondarily, is she worthy of his enduring such torment. This to the jealous. A wholesome doctrine indeed, if it could be applied during the suffering; but, nevertheless, not without comfort when the business is over, and one begins really to congratulate oneself on being well out of it. To return to my friend, the medium of torment applied. The medium defeated the object of the agent. For who, mentally conscious at least of his own security, could possibly believe that a man who, on the nicest things being said to him, said 'Haw!' and stroked his downy chin, as though sole assignee of this quality of goods; or, less practically speaking, the only person in the room who had any right to such remarks; who, I say, could believe such an one a *rival*? I steadfastly deny I was jealous. I may have appeared so; but I was not. Still, if the medium were inclined to divulge certain lectures I gave him privately and for his sole use and emolument, he might—I don't say justifiably—say I was jealous. But I deny it *in toto*.

Thus I kept 'the noiseless tenor of my way' for some happy weeks; but 'coming events cast their shadows before.' Miss Fanny became more fitful in her acceptance or non-acceptance of my attentions. Circumstances *had* occurred—mind, I do not say what. I *had* done things imprudent, foolish, precipitate. But was it my fault? Is it the fault of the ship caught in the strong ocean current, hurried rapidly to its own destruction, that it cannot stay its headlong course, and once more ride in safety o'er the deep? No, it is not; and I defy any one to say that what occurred shortly, was due solely to my imprudence.

I was going to settle the matter one way or another. I was saved the trouble. I was going to screw my courage to the sticking-point. What is courage against woman? I was going to drink one extra glass of wine, go straight to her father, and say—stay, I had not made up my mind what to say. But thus it was.

To say the scene is stamped on my mind in burning outlines, is to use a very stale and not altogether probable metaphor. We were going to dinner, that is, people were coming down to dinner; you see I am so confused that I do not know how it was. It was, at any rate, before dinner; I was in the drawing-room alone, waiting for Fanny. One of the girls told me she would see me. I knew something was coming. I was afraid—I honestly confess I was afraid—I was in a mess. She came; no one else in the room. She went straight to the mantelpiece, and stood there. She had a white muslin trimmed with black—for she was in mourning for an aunt—an aunt who had left her money; an aunt whose memory I had hitherto greatly revered; but who from this day was to be to me as though she had not lived. Fanny, leaning her elbows on the cold marble, her flushed face strangely contrasting with the paleness of the surrounding objects, made use of a few very remarkable words—words so few, and so remarkable, that there was no questioning their meaning, though more hidden than expressed.

'Mr. Nelson,' she said, 'your attentions are too conspicuous!'

My attentions too conspicuous! of course they were. What had meant that daily chaff from sisters and from friends? What that cold gray eye of paternity (for mother she had not) fixed on me when he asked me to have some more fish?

Farewell, thought I, a long farewell to all my greatness. 'Let us part friends,' said I. (People always *do* say that when rejected.)

'We do,' she said; and the door opened, and the rest entered, and this was the last time I saw her alone.

Of course I enjoyed my dinner—

one always does—and of course I got twitted for my taciturnity. As if one could laugh and joke when one had just been told one's attentions were too conspicuous. Ah! ha! I laugh now; I joke now; but then it was horrible—it was ex-cru-

ciating. I enjoyed my ride home! I enjoyed next day's thoughts! I enjoy now telling the tale! I have never seen the girl from that day to this. *Tant pis!* I am happy. *Tant mieuz!*

N.

LORD CLYDE OF CLYDESDALE.

SILENT was the battle-slogan,
On no stricken field he fell;
England's clasping arms were round him,
Warrior whom she trusted well.
Yet our thoughts are all of conflict
As beside that grave we mourn,
For his name was hung with trophies
From a thousand foemen torn.

Fast are memories thronging o'er us
Of the grand old fields of Spain,
How he faced the charge of Junot
And the fight where Moore was slain.
Oh! the years of weary waiting
For the glorious chance he sought,
For the slowly ripening harvest
That life's latest autumn brought.

Tardy laurels! yet he grasped them
With a bold and steadfast hand,
When we fought the swarthy swordsmen
From the river-sundered land.*
And the lightning of his onset
Pierced the Scythians' stubborn lines,
When a new and fearful purple
Flushed o'er Alma's tangled vines.

There is many a Russian mother,
There is many a Tartar maid,
Weeps the day when Balaklava
Saw Sir Colin's red brigade.
Yet in triumph's day they passed him
Till there came a night of grief,
And then England, in her anguish,
Sought the old and slighted Chief.

And from Ganges' banks to Indus
Swept the legions that he led,
And the torn and trampled lotus†
Marked their stern avenging tread.
Lay him there where Outram slumbers,
Let him sleep by Canning's side;
Death has joined the great triumvirs,
And has sheathed the sword of Clyde.

KING SMITH.

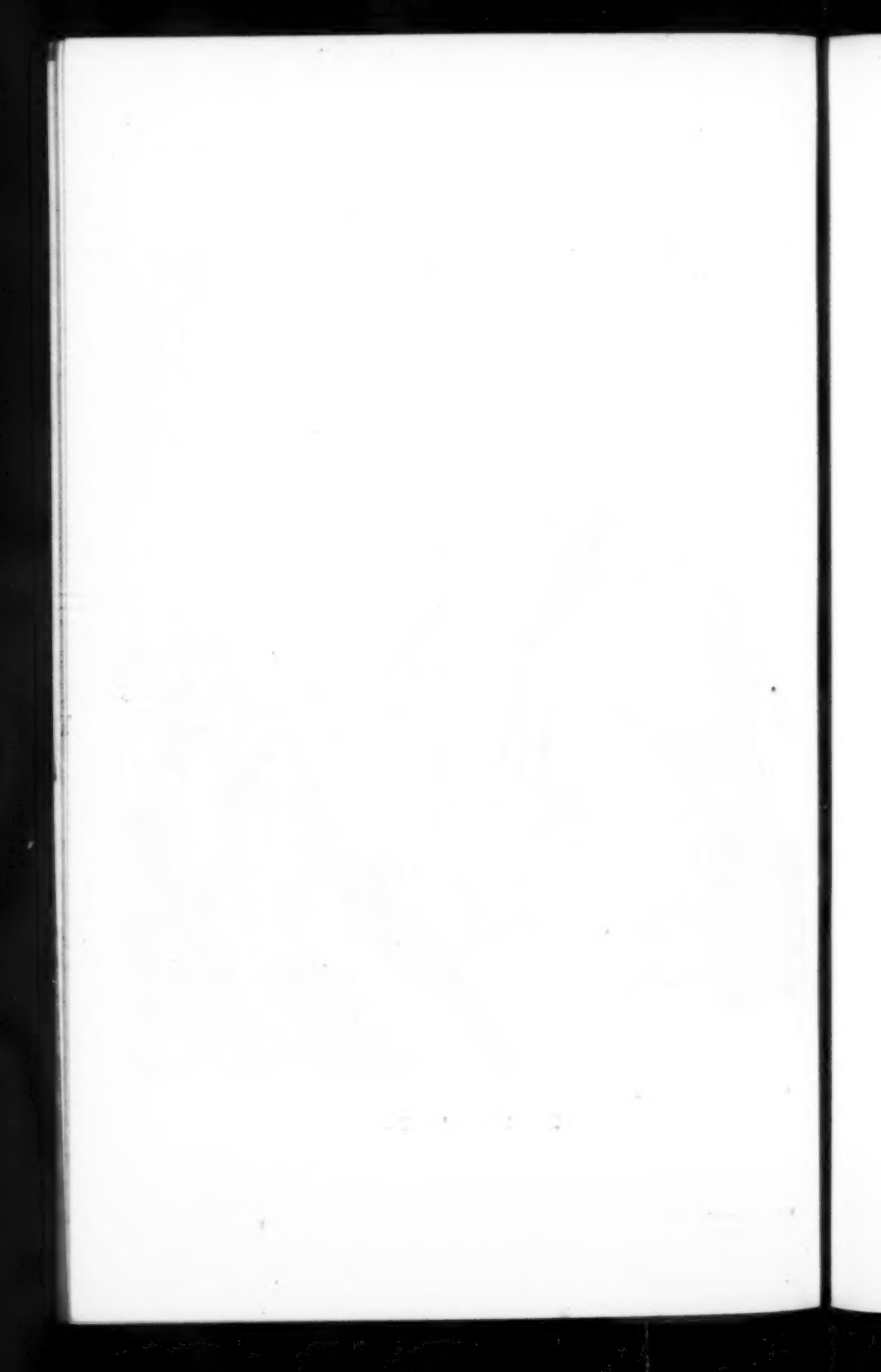
* The Punjaub.

† The lotus, as is well known, was used as a sort of symbol by the Sepoy mutineers. Cakes stamped with this emblem were circulated just before the great insurrection in 1857.



Drawn by William McConnell.

THE ACTORS' FETE.



'THE ACTORS' FETE.

THE rising generation ought to be thankful for its high privileges. It is born to the perfection of steam power, the electric telegraph, photography, and all those wonderful arts and sciences which were not even dreamt of fifty years ago. What a privilege to have one's birth announced to interested friends by electric telegraph! to go to school every morning by rail! to be photographed when a baby in long clothes! and last, but not least, to be admitted for the small charge of half a crown to see and hold converse with actors and actresses in the clothes of everyday life! There is a treat for a youngster rising sixteen! Yet that youngster rising sixteen whom I escorted through the Crystal Palace on Saturday, the 25th July, did not seem to think much of it. I fancy, on the whole, the Bath buns at the refreshment stalls had more attraction for him than the leading low comedian in the black surtout, or even the fascinating danseuse in the pork-pie hat, kissing strawberries, and disposing of them for half a crown apiece. This is what it is to be in one's teens in the latter half of the nineteenth century. Your young man of one-and-twenty is as wise as Solomon, and as thoroughly used up. When he retires from the festivities attendant upon his coming of age, he is ready to exclaim, 'All is vanity.' He has had no wishes, no desires, no longings which have not been gratified almost as soon as they were formed.

Well, I don't envy the rising generation in this respect. Hope has its pleasures, even when deferred; and desires postponed increase respect for the object of them. What does the copy-slip say? 'Familiarity breeds contempt.' Hark to the youth rising sixteen—

'Hallo! there's old Paul Bedford.'

Irreverent youth! *Old Paul Bedford* indeed! When I was the age of that youth, did I not haunt the

stage door of the Adelphi night after night to see Mr. Paul Bedford pass out? *Mister Paul Bedford*, mind you, not 'old Paul Bedford.' Did I not, as I have said, haunt that stage door for nights, and walk Maiden Lane at ghost hour on Saturdays, in the hope of seeing the illustrious Paul in the guise of the real world? At last, after many disappointments, after long and patient vigils under the lamp-post, occasionally in the rain, I cast eyes upon him. I felt that I was in the presence of a superior being. I followed him at a respectful distance with awe and reverence. I met a friend, a youth like myself, and was proud to point out the great man to him. 'Do you know who that is?' 'No.' 'That's Mr. Paul Bedford.' 'Is it?' I shall never forget the eager interest expressed in that 'Is it?' My youthful friend ran forward and looked up in the great man's face. He came back presently awfully impressed, and said, 'It is!'

I was happy for years in my knowledge of the private personal appearance of Mr. Paul Bedford, and in being able to point him out to my friends; I acquired a sort of theatrical reputation from this fact. I was a person who knew Mr. Paul Bedford—when I saw him in the street. I remember, in my eagerness for that happy future, which came after many days, boasting mendaciously that I knew Mr. Paul Bedford *personally*. I didn't. I had never heard him speak a word except on the stage. What I would have given to have been introduced to him then. To have shaken him by the great hand; to have heard him say, in his private capacity, as a member of the public, a householder, a father of a family and a social being—'I believe you, my boy.'

But in my young days, honours like this were only to be attained by patience and work. I had to qualify myself for personal acquaintance with Mr. Paul Bedford, by learning

the art of a dramatic author. How much leather does an apprentice spoil before he learns to make a good pair of shoes! How much paper does an author spoil—how often are his manuscripts thrown into the waste-paper basket, or left for him at the stage door—before he learns to write an actable piece. So long did I wait—not patiently—for the great honour. At length one bright day I found myself in a delirium of nervous delight, seated in the green room reading a farce, and there was the immortal Paul beside me, listening with all the submissiveness of an infant scholar. When it was all over, he gave me the great hand to shake; he offered me snuff from a silver box; and I learned in the course of the afternoon that he had spoken of me with high respect. I had reached the summit of my ambition at last. Ah, what bliss! The rising generation can never know such bliss, for now-a-days the payment of half a crown 'admits' to the whole arcana of theatrical life: and as the copy-slip says, 'Familiarity,' &c.

Here we are then once more in the great transept of the Crystal Palace, purchasing pincushions from pretty actresses, in the cause of charity. What a privilege to be able to stand in the midst here, by Messrs. Toole and Bedford's peep-show, and devour all the pretty actresses in London 'at a glance!' Ah, surely this is the *embarras de richesses*! Here is Miss Lydia Thompson on one side and Miss Latimer on the other. Miss Lydia does not kiss cigars and sell the shoes off her feet this time, having, since last fair day, entered into the sober state of matrimony. Is it to Lydia that the leading-article writer in the 'Dramatic College News' refers, when he informs us as follows?—'Charmed by her appearance and manners, a visitor to the last Fancy Fair offered her his hand and heart, and she is now the happy wife of a cheerful and wealthy gentleman.' Just such a treasure did Lydia deserve. Wealth and cheerfulness! What richer gifts could a husband possess? Only I would suggest that the wealthy and

cheerful gentleman should in future remain at home. His presence in the stall facetiously proposing to charge the public so much per head for a sight of his wife was not in the best taste, nor was it conducive to the interest of the charity. The same remark will apply to other gentlemen who made themselves officiously busy in helping ladies who would have got on much better without them. And while I am finding fault, let me add a word of reproof to certain giddy young ladies who left their stalls and ran about the transept importuning gentlemen to buy, after the manner of the ragged urchins whose fancy fair is held in the streets, and whose merchandise is fuzees. These giddy things would do well to take a lesson from the dignified, yet none the less attractive, commercial manner of Mrs. Stirling, Mrs. Alfred Mellon, Mrs. Howard Paul, Miss Bufton, and Miss Saunders. It was most gratifying to observe that the old favourites obtained the largest share of patronage. There was no getting even a glimpse of Mrs. Mellon, Mrs. Paul, or Mrs. Stirling, for the eager crowds which thronged round them all day long, to pay homage to their worth no less than to their talent. I sadly wanted a slice of the Prince of Wales's wedding cake, and was prepared to give a crown-piece for it, if I could only have got near enough to negotiate the matter with Mrs. Paul herself. Why did not Mr. Howard Paul stand in front with a whip, and drive away the boys 'as hadn't got no money, and kept away them as had?' It strikes me that a good many of the boys (and girls) who crowded to the front did nothing but listen to the music (of Mrs. Paul's voice) and look at the pictures outside. And there was I with many more waiting to 'walk up' and pay my money. As to Mrs. Mellon, with whom I have been in love ever since I met her among the flying Indians, I never once caught a glimpse of her, all owing to a great big black-whiskered man who walked about her stall, and got in her way and mine too. Confound the man! why did he not go and act a kangaroo,

or some other kind of wild beast in Mr. Joe Robins's menagerie? I did, by a vicarious process, become the happy possessor of one of Mrs. Stirling's cigars. It could not have been a worse one; but I would have smoked a dozen such for her sake. Bless me! to think that she, before whom I had so often sat, spellbound, in the front row of the pit, should ever condescend to sell me a cigar—and a bad one too! I shall keep the end of that cigar among my treasures.

Articles of little or no value, of all kinds, selling for their weight in silver—smiles and winning glances, and soft persuasive words thrown in to turn the scale—amber mouthpieces, braces, cigars, dolls, eau de Cologne, fuzees, gloves, honey soap, inkbottles, Jews' harps, knitting needles, laces, muffetees, note paper, opera glasses, penknives, quills, rosewater, shells, tapers, urns, vases, wax—every trifle that you can give a name to, including such curiosities as water from Jordan, sold by Mrs. Howard Paul in drops, 'including a shake of a mummy's hand for sixpence extra.' Who shall say that these ladies—when they behave themselves as such—are lowering the dignity of their profession? Do not duchesses and countesses do the same thing in the cause of charity? And I have not heard that the lustre of the peerage has been dimmed in consequence.

On the whole, this fête offered many attractions which were wanting on previous occasions. The shows were all of a superior kind, and if the visitors were occasionally 'sold,' they had the consolation of being 'sold' in an agreeable and entertaining manner. The people in the transept were at first rather shy of paying sixpence to look into Mr. Toole's peep-show, remembering that last year there was nothing to see but a display of fireworks represented by a shower of brown paper. On this occasion, however, the show contained a series of grotesque illustrations of the drama of 'Black-eyed Susan,' drawn with exquisite humour by Mr. William McConnell. And was not Mr. Toole's description of the drama

worth all the money? Owing to the libretto—the joint composition of two contributors to 'London Society'—having been sent in late—the night before in fact—Mr. Toole was obliged to stick the MS. up against the side of the show, and 'wing it.' While the proprietors were not looking, I had an opportunity of copying the greater part of the composition into my notebook, and at the risk of bringing down an injunction on the head of the Editor of this Magazine, I hereby publish the same.

'Here you see the real, horiginal, sentimental, nautical mellydrummer of "Black-eyed Susan"; or, The Lass as loved a Sailor.' "All in the Downs the fleet was moored." On the right you will hobserve the Downs with the British fleet a-layin' at hanchor. On the left you perceive Black-eyed Susan agoing aboard the "Sarcy Harethusa," for to hask the jovial sailors to tell her terew, if her sweet Villiam is a-sailing among their carew. Hobserve Villiam a-waving of his 'at on the maintop-gallant mast with vun 'and, and a-splicin' of the main-brace with the hother. He sees the lovely Susan, and quick as lightning he slides down the rope, hutterly regardless of the skin of his 'ands and the knees of his trousers, which you will hobserve have been carefully mended by the lovely but industrious Susan. (*Change.*)

'Here you see the British tars a-carousin' hafter a long voyage, on sangwidges made with five-pun Bank of England notes, and a-frying of their watches in the werry best fourteenpenny Dorset butter—a pictur' of Hengland's greatness on the hoocean. (*Change.*)

'Here you see Villiam and Susan a-parting at Vapping Hold Stairs, and Susan a-giving Villiam a 'baccabox marked with her name, vich she engraved her own self with her darnin' needle. (*Change.*)

'Here you see Black-eyed Susan a-go'in in a cherry-coloured gownd and hopen-vork stockings, to meet Villiam. You will hobserve her putting up her humbrellar, which purvents her from seein' a willin as is coming round the corner in

a cocked hat and a cutlash. On the left you observe the wicked captain of the vessel where Villiam has served king and country, where the stormy winds do blow in the Bay of Biscay oh—vich it was always Villiam's motto, "England expects that every man this day will do his dooty." (*Change.*) Here you see—.' But at this point the performance was suspended, Messrs. Toole and Bedford being summoned to give their services in another part of the fair. I am assured, however, that everything came all right in the end, as in all stage life it properly ought to do.

One of the 'novelties,' and perhaps the funniest thing in the fair, was Wombwell's menagerie. The wonderful pictures of Bengal tigers and boa constrictors outside, though admirably painted, were not, as is usually the case, the 'best part of it.' Who will ever forget Mr. Addison's make-up in that green velvet coat, as showman. Did he not seem to the manner born? A compliment to the artist rather than to the man. But candidly, now, I ask you, could you see Sir Peter Teazle under that green velvet? And Mr. Joe Robins, in his fleshings and bear-skin mantle, as Van Amburgh. I have seen Van Amburgh, and I have seen Joe Robins; and I say, give me Joe Robins. The statue of Hercules in the Roman Court was a monument of attenuation in comparison. And the wild beasts! To witness their gambols was quite a new sensation, for with all the ordinary attributes of wild beasts, including manginess, they were comic and exceedingly absurd, which was entirely owing to the fact that they were represented by the superior animal, Man. I was about to indulge in some philosophical reflections upon certain points of inferiority in the intellectual animal as compared with the brutes, when I was interrupted by Mr. Addison, requesting me to join in a cheer for the encouragement of those outside, and then to take myself off as quickly as possible.

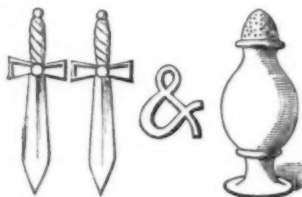
Messrs. Toole and Bedford, as usual, appeared to have the faculty

of Sir Boyle Roche's bird. They were here, there, and everywhere at once. When they had made William and Susan happy for the fiftieth time, they rushed off to the Richardsonian Theatre, where they enacted *Barbadzulo*, *Vangloroso*, and *Lagrimosa Cara*, respectively the villain, and the interesting heroine (Mr. Paul Bedford), of the thrilling drama of the 'Demon of the Castle Heights.' I suspect that Cirujano M. M.C., the author of the piece, must have been, like your two contributors, late with his 'copy,' for the dialogue and music seemed to be improvised as the piece went on. Thus Mr. Toole would say, 'The deed is done. 'Tis well.' To the music of Isaacson (the leader of the orchestra). 'I say again, the deed is done; 'tis well (chord in orchestra). But never mind, he shall not escape my vengeance; no, never (chord). And yet 'tis hard to have to return to my native village and murder my own father (chord). But it must be done, for he is rich and I am short' (chord and exit). Mr. Toole is an actor of marvellous resource, and is never at a loss for a joke or some apt device which serves the same purpose, still I think it would be well if the Richardsonian drama constituting, as it does, the chief attraction of the fair, were designed with a little more intention and method. Fooling is none the worse for having some point and direction.

It is but one step from the 'parade' of the Richardsonian Theatre to the portals of the Pauley-Tooley-technic Institution; but ere I can take that step and pay my money at the door, Messrs. Toole and Bedford have doffed their mediæval garments, and lo, here they are in professional suits of black, lecturing upon astronomy and the use of the crystal globes. In accordance with the practice of other famous institutes established for the information and enlightenment of the people, the Pauley-Tooley-technic seasoned science with sensation; and, after the heavenly bodies had been disposed of, we were treated to a sight of the 'Bearded Giantess of Corsica,' eight

feet high in her stockings, and sister to the celebrated brothers Louis and Fabien; also a New Zealand chief, who illustrated the peculiar nature of the laws of gravitation at the antipodes by standing on his head. We were informed that the chief had a great appetite for coppers, and could eat any quantity of them without injury to his digestion. The company accordingly subscribed a hatful, but the chief, on discovering a sixpence among them, declared that it quite took away his appetite. Though extremely fond of copper, the sight of silver always made him ill. He would nevertheless 'keep the lot,' as there were several members of his tribe who liked silver as well as copper, and had no great aversion even to gold.

The ghost! the ghost! the ghost! Professors Toole and Bedford promised not only to produce the ghost, but also to show us 'how the thing was done.' Of course we were all anxious. We had sat at the Adelphi and wondered until our heads ached. But now the secret was to be divulged. The mystery was to be revealed. We stood in breathless expectation as Mr. Toole produced, one after the other, the lime, the candle, the box of matches, the mirror—all the requisites, including the inventor and improver of the process, represented by



of the Polytechnic, when just as all was ready, in rushed an official with a letter bearing a large and portentous seal. It was an injunction from the Court of Chancery, inhibiting and prohibiting the ghost from walking on Saturday anywhere except at the Polytechnic Institution and the treasures of the theatres.

To omit to mention the astounding efforts of Mr. Robert Romer, as the Herald, and subsequently as the Lady-in-waiting upon 'Jack in the Green,' would be in the last degree ungenerous and ungrateful. No one worked harder, or with better heart and intention than Mr. Romer. And it was something for a tragic actor, the greatest and best applauded Othello of the age, to condescend to a part in a chummy's procession. But genius adorns and elevates all that it touches, and like gold, suffers no corruption by contact with mean things. Genius has no oxide. And my lady, after fainting for the fiftieth time in the arms of my lord, became Mr. Robert Romer—which is a name for all the virtues which can adorn a man.

Mr. Robert Keeley did not take money at the doors of the Richardsonian theatre as advertised—possibly the noise of the parade was too much for his nerves—but he was 'present on the occasion,' and right pleasant it was to see him in his old age so cheerful and happy. I should have liked to point him out to the Puritan denouncers of the stage as an example of the 'wicked play-actors.' Threescore and ten; still in good health; cheerful and contented; loved and revered by his children; respected by all his brethren, and, by industry and frugality, independent of the world. What a wicked man he must have been to come to such an end as this!

When we have spent our last sixpence, we take a peep into Zadkiel's crystal ball, and find full consolation for all our expenditure. We see the past, the present, and the future—the past, the barren heath of Maybury; the present, the heath adorned with a handsome Gothic building, wanting only the wings to make it complete; the future, the Dramatic College finished—accommodation for a hundred aged, infirm, or unfortunate actors, schools for their children, and a pleasant view of the aged Thespians sitting in the garden, each under the shadow of his own fig-tree. This result, now rapidly being attained, will be due in a great

measure to the annual actors' fête at the Crystal Palace. But while mentioning so many names in connection with this work of benevolence, I must not omit that of the originator and untiring promoter and sustainer of the whole scheme — the name of Benjamin Webster. The name of Alleyn has come down through three centuries

in connection with an actors' charity, which has been perverted to uses which its founder never intended. The name of Benjamin Webster will go down to the future in connection with substantial benefits to the profession, and will be mentioned with blessings by generations of players yet unborn.

A. H.



' CLUB CRITICS.



'WHERE shall we go to-night?' is a question so common, and so difficult to be satisfactorily answered, that it would make an admirable heading to a theatrical street-placard or newspaper advertisement, wherein the information required might be decisively given according to the interests of the speculator. I make my compliment, and present, free of charge, this excellent notion to any professor of the art of modern puffery. The light dinner is finished: the delicate anchovy-in-oil has been gracefully laid out upon his last resting-place of thin, dry toast, while I, charged with the due celebration of the rite, have cast upon him the white dust of well-grated parmesan, and, the ceremony of interment concluded, have with no sparing hand poured out a libation of sound wholesome claret. My

heart yearns towards the companion of my early years and my late dinner. It is to this swelling feeling of affection in my bosom, that I attribute the unusual tightness of waistcoat. Ah! traitor tailor, have I not often warned thee how I and thou must part, an' certain buttons refuse to meet?

My dear Tom, who is younger than myself, and unable properly to appreciate a 'quiet evening,' stretches his legs, rises from the table, and walks to the window. I remember now that we had intended going to some theatre in the course of the evening. It was my antepandrial suggestion. I have calmer thoughts now, and am not what I was. Let us, is my present proposal, have a cigar and a chat. No; he is for the theatre. There is, I tell him, an excellent Strangers' Smoking-room; for, you see, I have been

entertaining my *convive* at the club mahogany; and, on soft couches perfumed with the choicest tobacco—

*Impundū licebit

Æstivam sermone benigno tendere noctem.*

No; he will none of it: he cares not for Horace, and wants to see as much as he can of some profane stage-play. I sigh and yield. We examine the thin paper bills fluttering in the draughts of the hall.

'I shouldn't mind,' he says, 'seeing Miss Steel Collars again.'

'It's not Steel Collars,' I return, pretending not to be alive to his feeble wit: 'it's Mademoiselle Stella Colas. Well, let us go.'

He has by this time got hold of another entertainment.

'What do I say,' he asks, 'about "The Haunted Man?"'

I don't know what to say about 'The Haunted Man,' being 'indifferent as to my destination.

'It's very good, isn't it?' he continues.

I reply that I believe it is.

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It strikes me at the moment that if the burlesque had been followed by the 'Ghost,' it might have had good reason for screaming; but having lighted my cigar, I keep this to myself. He returns to the charge.

'Well, what do you say, eh?'

I say what he says. I am ready to accommodate myself to any circumstances. 'Let us go to the "Ghost."'

My *convive* actually abuses me for my pliant mood, and tells me that I've got no opinion of my own, and no settled ideas on any subject; in fact 'he never saw such a feller.' This arouses me, and I inform him that, if he wants really to see something good, we ought to catch what we can of 'The Ticket-of-Leave Man' at the Olympic. He agrees. 'Ho! porter, a cab.' In the neighbourhood of Wellington Street my volatile friend fancies 'The Duke's Motto.' It is now that hour peculiar to the theatrical night—not marked on watch or clock, or tabled among the divisions of time—known as 'Half price,' and to us, arriving

at such an hour, the complicated plot will be an inexplicable mystery.

'Now, I' (this is what I tell my companion) 'have seen the Olympic piece, and can set you right at any point.'

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'Very good, then; the Lyceum be it. I thought so: we can't get a place.'

We waste our time in trying every part of the house, and come out hot and weary. The same result at the Olympic, only that we are hotter and wearier. He sets his face to go to the Gardens of Cremorne. I resolutely set my face against anything of the sort. He yields at length to my unflinching determination, and I lead him gently back to the Strangers' Smoking-room, 'where,' I say to him, playfully, 'beneath the shady smoke of a cool, fragrant cigar, we can—oh, my Tom Tityrus!—talk over matters theatrical.'

'That's a great success, that "Duke's Motto," isn't it?' says Tom Tityrus at full length on a sofa. 'There's a lot of money to be made out of a theatre.'

'More out of it than in it, I fancy,' observes Lollius, the loungeur, who has just dropped into an arm-chair.

'As in every speculation, when a man makes a happy hit he fills his coffers, so the manager who suits the public taste makes a fortune.'

'And very seldom keeps it,' says Tom Tityrus. 'But what is the public taste?'

'For sensation dramas, decidedly,' answers Lollius.

'I question that, or will question it presently when the waiter has done his spiriting.' (This is the Present Writer's observation: he may for the future be known as the P. W.)

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'Yes.'

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'Oh!' says the P. W., 'um—um,' and taps his forehead.

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tained to the meaning of the 'shibboleth,' and have heard the chimes at midnight in the classic realms of Covent Garden. Chimes at midnight! what a nuisance to a sleepy neighbourhood!

'A sensational piece, *quid* sensation, is not sufficient to attract. It will no more draw,' says Tom Tityrus to Lollius, who is sucking furiously at a small meerschaum, 'than your pipe.'

In less than two seconds a volume of smoke issues from Lollius' mouth.

'Your smile's a good one, Tit, my boy,' observes Lollius. 'But even such a play as you mention will draw, if, like my pipe, it has plenty of puffing.'

'Didn't "The Peep o' Day" draw?' suggests the P. W.

'Yes,' says Tityrus; 'that's an exceptional case.'

'Why did you go to see it?' asks P. W.

'Because every one went,' was the wise and truthful answer.

'And every one went because——' P. W. pauses for a reply; the pipe and cigars puff, puff, puff.

'What I understand by a modern taste for sensation,' commences Lollius, 'is that morbid wish to sup full of horrors which lately found its full development in the fate of that unfortunate Female Blondin at Aston Park. Now we met with this in "The Colleen Bawn," and more of it in "Peep o' Day," more in "The Octoroon;" and lastly in "The Duke's Motto" Mr. Fechter has a short acrobatic performance on a rope. Now I suppose when ropes, broken boughs of trees, fragile bridges, precipices, avalanches, explosions, and volcanic eruptions have all been tried, we escaping from the fearful storm of situations and effects, shall at length sail into the quiet waters of high-art comedy and thoughtfully developed tragedy; a haven where we fain would be.'

'Drop in at the Haymarket one night when Goldsmith's "She Stoops to Conquer" is played,' advised the P. W. 'It is refreshing; and there is, I believe, a good house whenever it is produced.'

'By the way,' observes Lollius, 'it's Goldsmith who complains of

the fondness of the people for "sensations," in *his* day.'

The P. W. remembers that this occurs in 'The Citizen of the World.'

'My dear Lollius,' says Tom Tityrus, 'the same public who brought a fortune to the Adelphi as patrons of the sensational Irish drama, crowded the other house, during the same season, mark you, in order to listen to Sothorn's *Dundreary*.

'Anything first-rate of its kind must succeed. The public always recognize real sterling talent, and in the long run they are the best judges.'

This opinion of Lollius is immediately called in question, and a sharp discussion ensues, which ends by Tityrus asserting that if a play of Shakespeare's had been produced for the first time in 1863 the public would not have appreciated it. Lollius joins issue, but somehow or another appears to be glad to turn the conversation.

'I should like to hear the "Divine Williams" taking a play now-a-days to some management,' says the P. W., much amused at the notion. "'Hamlet," for instance, would be rejected on account of the immorality of the plot.'

'Ay!' (here Tityrus jumps up, struck with a grand idea) 'but 'twould be accepted by an enterprising manager, for the sake of the *Ghost* effect. The manager would probably tell Shakespeare that he might be able to do something with the *Ghost*, only he *must* cut short those long speeches—that one about "To be or not to be," and certain others, which he would query in the MS., and make the whole thing play closer.'

'Yes,' cries Lollius, who has taken a book down from the shelf, 'and fancy a manager requesting Mr. Shakespeare to read his little tragedy of "Macbeth" to him!' Here Lollius begins, "'Act I. Scene 1. An open place. Thunder and lightning. Enter three Witches." The manager would be pleased at this, and see a grand effect. Now for the dialogue:—

'First Witch. When shall we three meet again,

In thunder, lightning, or in rain?

'Second Witch. When the hurly-burly's done—'

"The what?" says the manager.

"The hurlyburly," replies Mr. Shakespeare.

"Oh! oh!—of course—yes. Go on, please," says the manager, not liking to expose his ignorance.

'Second Witch. When the hurly-burly's done;

When the battle's lost and won.

'Third Witch. That will be ere set of sun.

"Might get a pretty effect of sunset there, Mr. Shakespeare, eh?" observes the intelligent manager.

"Hem!" says Shakespeare, dubiously. "P'raps we'd better consider that presently."

'First Witch. Where the place?

'Second Witch. Upon the heath.

'Third Witch. There to meet Macbeth.'

"Beth don't rhyme with heath," thinks the manager; but he says nothing, and Mr. William continues:—

'First Witch. I come, Graymalkin.'

'Manager. Eh? Who? You didn't read out his name in the *Dramatis Personæ*.'

'Mr. Shakespeare. No; it's a familiar.'

'Manager. Oh!'

Mr. Shakespeare proceeds:—

'All. Paddock calls—'

"Paddock!" interrupts the manager. "What! the prizefighter? I really do not like the mention of those subjects in my theatre. We have, I assure you, to guard against any allusion to such low matters as the ring; and so—"

'Mr. Shakespeare. It's a spirit.'

'Manager. I never heard of a spirit called Paddock, and I question the taste of the introduction of such topics.'

The author goes on reading.

'All. Paddock calls:—Anon.—'

Fair is foul, and foul is fair,

Hover through the fog and filthy air.'

'The manager,' observes Tom Tityrus, 'would certainly pronounce the penultimate line rather too obscure.'

'Yes,' says the P. W., 'and when they appear again in Scene iii. I

fancy the manager would think it advisable to "cut" a good deal of the dialogue.'

'First Witch. Where hast thou been, sister?'

'Second Witch. Killing swine.'

'And when the manager wants to get on to the action of the piece, he would not have any very exalted opinion of the author who stopped to give an account of a sailor's wife munching chestnuts in her lap—a sailor's wife, too, who had nothing whatever, mind, to do with the piece, and was not even mentioned among "Lords, gentlemen, officers, murderers, and messengers" at the end of the *Dramatis Personæ*.'

'Yes,' adds Lollius, 'and what sense could he get out of the First Witch's simile—'

"And like a rat without a tail,

"I'll do, I'll do, I'll do."

'Do what, eh?'

'By Jove!' says Tityrus, 'I never thought of that before: of course, do what?'

'Well, then,' the P. W. puts in, 'the manager would insist upon Duncan being murdered upon the stage, and introduce a struggle.'

'I think that the acting play of "Richard III." and "Romeo and Juliet" is more dramatically interesting than the original,' says Lollius. 'In "Romeo and Juliet," for instance, as lately played at the Princess's, with a very excellent Romeo, by-the-way, in Walter Montgomery—'

'I should like to see Fechter and Stella Colas in "Romeo and Juliet,"' shouts Tityrus, interrupting, as is his wont, and politely apologizing for it immediately afterwards.

'Well, I was going to say,' resumes Lollius, 'that Shakespeare makes Romeo die before Juliet awakes. Now in Garrick's stage version, after Romeo has taken poison, Juliet returns to consciousness, the lovers embrace, and are looking forward to a happy termination of all their sorrows, when the pains of death suddenly seize upon Romeo, and he dies in Juliet's arms. Then, as in the original, she plunges her lover's dagger into her own heart, and falls prone upon his body.'

'That's more exciting than the

written business!' exclaims Tom Tityrus.

'It is,' returns Lollius, 'and to my mind improves the situation.'

'A mere trick,' says the P. W. 'I dare say Shakespeare thought of and rejected it. How many possibilities did not the mind of the Poet reject which would have satisfied a lesser man!'

'Well, for my part,' says Lollius, taking up his hat, 'give us a really good comedy, and we, the public, satiated with the gymnastic drama of the extreme sensational school, will crowd to see them. I hope we shall never go beyond the limit to which the Olympic "Ticket-of-Leave Man" reaches.'

'That's Tom Taylor's, isn't it?' asks Tityrus.

'Yes, a genuine success, without any puffing. The last scene gives us a legitimate sensation.'

'I hear he's doing something

about *Brother Sam* for Sothorn's reappearance next season.'

'Well,' says Lollius, 'when Shakespeare doth ride abroad, may I be there to see.'

'Where's Phelps?' asks the P. W.

'At Drury Lane,' replies Tom Tityrus; 'they're going to bring out "Manfred," I believe. Belmore's there too.'

'Ah!' says Lollius, 'what an excellent bit of acting that *Softy* of his was at the Princess's, eh?'

'Yes,' assents the P. W., 'the abject cringing, and piteous whining of the brute nature dreading punishment, was well conceived and marvellously executed.'

'But, I say,' breaks in Tom Tityrus, looking at his watch, 'it's quite early. Where shall we go to-night?'

This time the question is easily answered,—

'To bed.'

'I REMEMBER.'

BY THE AUTHOR OF 'FESTUS.'

I REMEMBER when free as the wind,
'Mid a summer day's soft sunny hours,
We wandered—you bear it in mind—
Through a garden o'erloaded with flowers.
How we loitered at every turn;
How we paced it again and again;
There was something I wished I could learn;
There was something I feared to explain.

I remember your ringlets of gold;
I remember your raiment of green;
Each long and voluminous fold,
Your feet and your girdle between.
The lilies I matched with your hand,
And in height proved you equally tall;
Though you smiled at the measurement planned,
Yet you frowned when—I will not recal.

I remember the picture you drew
By the foot of the ivy-grown dell,
That the spring sparkled playfully through
From the brink of the fern-shadowed well.
I remember the streamlet, the grove;
So silent, so soothing; and yet,
Though we breathed not an accent of love,
There were graces I cannot forget.

I remember the grotto concealed
'Neath the boughs of the far-stretching yew ;
And the pool's tiny breakers revealed
By the sunshine the wind wafted through.
How often, how vainly I tried
To entice you to step in the boat ;
How timid you seemed by the side,
How bravely you bore it aloft.

Those waters have wasted away ;
That garden is misery's own ;
It is base as the crowd-trodden way,
It is wild weed, and bramble, and stone.
Though to name but that pleasure and you,
Is the all I can claim as my right ;
Yet whate'er be to destiny due,
That day was a life of delight.

I remember, as evening drew nigh,
One star with its tremulous beam ;
One cloudlet that saddened the sky ;
One rock in the flow of our dream.
We parted with diffident smiles,
Our bright day of joyance was o'er ;
We knew not the world nor its wiles ;
Oh ! bid me remember no more.

THE LAY OF THE LAST MINSTREL.

(Slightly altered from the Original.)

I.
SO, the season at last is quite over,
And 'my lady,' grown sallow and pale,
Has flown off with her daughters to Dover,
For sea breezes and 'Stogumber ale.'

II.
'Rotten Row' is a perfect Sahara ;
Little Patti enchanteth no more ;
And Ronconi, as quack 'Dulcamara,'
Has droned out a gruff 'Au revoir.'

III.
'Haut ton' not a déjeuner dreams of ;
Balls, dinners, are quite out of date ;
And (oh, Babbage!) the horrible screams of
'Brass bands' are all silenced by fate.

IV.
In the Park a poor creature I chanced on,
A pitiful object to view,
Looking glum, as the brown trees he glanced on ;
'Twas the 'Last of the Barons.' Eheu !

V.
His lemon-kid listlessly biting ;
At a non-plus. Ah ! well, I must own
That the prospect looked far from inviting.
Poor 'last rose' left 'blooming alone.'

VI.

Lady Fanny has rushed off to Paris,
 After making a capital 'catch';
 And 'tis said (by renowned Mrs. Harris)
 That there really *was* flame in that match!

VII.

The 'Trafalgar' to Palmerston's council
 Has offered its sacrifice sweet;
 And the echoes of 'Chickweed and groundsel'
 Are the sole sounds of life in the street.

VIII.

Hem! The 'Last of the Barons' his finger
 Sadly biting, I left with the moths
 In the Park; but if longer I linger,
 I may write myself 'Last of the Goths.'

IX.

Well; 'At Rome'—oh, you all know the saying;
 And to follow the fashion is best;
 And—there's no use in longer delaying—
 I'll pack up, and be after the rest.

ASTLEY H. BALDWIN.



SEPTEMBER RHYMES;

Or, *Memories of the First.*

THE First of September! ah, many a vision
 Of glorious autumns those words can supply;
 The day when we one and all laughed in derision
 At the mention of aught but 'the stubbles we'd try.'
 The bright double Mantons, the red and white setters,
 The turnips well guarded for many a week;
 When at breakfast we thrust aside unopened letters,
 And of nothing but partridges ventured to speak.
 Hazel Manor has gardens where roses entwining,
 Shade arbours where flirting's a positive art;
 But on this day we scorned them, though even enshrining
 The beauties who've wounded full many a heart.
 Hazel Manor's a lawn where the *demoiselles* charming,
Bien chauffés à merveille, for croquet prepare;
 But to-day we've a charm that ne'er fails in disarming
 The Balmorals' influence, prized by the fair.
 Ah, pleasant remembrance! The setters' high ranging,
 The rise of the covey, the ringing report,
 The fair English scenery, sweet, though unchanging,
 The fresh autumn breeze, and the glorious sport,
 The lunch, where the pop of Moselle corks gave token
 Of the sparkling reward of our labour well-earned;
 The 'one weed' that followed, in silence unbroken;
 Till, refreshed, to the 'beat' we all gladly returned!
 And then, in the evening, the exquisite dinner,
 Where we talked of the bag, and then passed in review
 The season just past, and each fortunate winner
 Of the prizes of Hymen—those sought-after few
 Who weren't 'detrimentals,' whose acres and money
 Brought round them the bevy of loveliest grace;
 Who were answered by chaperons' accents of honey;
 Who brought a kind smile on each stern mother's face.
 And then how we ended our First of September;
 A waltz in the antler-bedecked oaken hall.
Ay de mi! Even now I plainly remember
 That whirl with the fairest and sweetest of all.
 To the strains of 'Il Bacco,' tenderly dying
 Away in the echoes, as out from the tower
 The midnight chime floated the dirge of hours flying,
 So quickly, so sweetly, like bloom from the flower!
 Bright memories these; but *this* First I am lonely,
 And wandering thoughtfully on the dark pier;
 The surging waves' music, alas! is the only—
 The only sound waking the night-echo near.
 The glittering stars are all gleaming in splendour,
 In an azure sky, solemn in exquisite calm,
 That calls to mind words and thoughts speechlessly tender,
 And pours on the wounded heart solace and balm.
 But I grow sentimental. The vapour curls round me,
 The blue fragrant cloud of a *nonpareil* weed;
 And with it the happiest visions surround me,
 Of autumns whose pleasures were matchless indeed.
 'Tis the best philosophical course to endeavour
 To picture a future that's pleasanter still;
 Then I'll finish by hoping that nothing will sever
 My joy in the First. That's a cure for each ill!—W. R.

ENGLISH DINING-ROOMS IN PARIS.

THE difference between the savage and the civilized man is that one eats, the other dines. The savage has no appointed time for meals. He feels hungry, kills something, kindles a fire, burns his food, and devours. The civilized man has his table carefully spread at properly regulated intervals of time, and invites commerce and science to compete to serve the banquet. For him ships sail, gardeners experimentalize, chemists cogitate, and cooks perspire. Great are the distinctions, ethnological, social, and personal, between the mere feeder and the man who dines.

'You see,' said a friend of ours, a great gastronome and authority on matters culinary, 'so few men know how to dine or to give dinners. No man wants to go through a set dinner every day, it would tire him to death, but he wants his one dish cooking, not spoiling. And then again at grand dinners, how badly they are arranged! There are too many things to choose from, the mind gets confused, and then away goes all enjoyment. There should be enough and there should be choice, but not more; and there may be one surprise in the dinner, but not more than one. One is agreeable, stimulates the appetite, enlivens conversation, and is a point of general interest. Men's minds, as it were, meet in the dish, but two give rise to argument and dispute and opposition.'

'Do they really?' I said, astonished.

'Oh! yes,' replied my friend, dogmatically. 'The palate and the stomach have a mentality of their own, and are delicate and sensitive to a sneer or an allusion. Some people are so stupid! A man I dine with, an excellent fellow in other respects, because I once happened to praise a particular thing, always gives me *that* particular thing whenever I sit down to his table. Can you conceive such ignorance? The very name of the dish nauseates me now, and I always refuse his in-

vitations; so I have lost two pleasures by his stupidity.'

'The idiot!' I murmured, indignantly.

'Quite so, quite so,' said my friend. 'Have you read Francatelli?'

'No,' I answered, blushing for my ignorance of the literature of my native land.

'Clever book; very clever book. Divide Francatelli by half—that is, put in half the seasoning, pepper, girofle, and so on, and you get the perfection of cookery. The salmon looks good to-day. Good morning.'

It is singular to see in Paris, from which charming city I write, the concessions made in restaurants, cafés, and hotels to what are presumed to be British tastes. Round about the Rue de la Paix, and the English quarter, houses as unmistakably Parisian in appearance as pralines, bonbons, and sergens-de-ville, boldly print upon their doorposts, in gilded letters, the words 'Britannic Tavern. Mock turtle always ready.' What wonderful appreciation of the habits and feeding instincts of the haughty islander, who must always have his bulldog by his side and his basin of mock turtle at his elbow! So completely have the English colonized the neighbourhood that not only the Britannic Tavern and its ever-present mock turtle meets the eye everywhere in molten lustre, but the chemists and druggists roll pills and mix draughts suitable to English maladies and English indigestions. A large shop proclaims itself, in yellow letters six feet high, as 'The English Pharmacy,' and a golden legend follows that informs the dyspeptic foreigner that 'Natural soda-water' and 'magnesia' are to be drunk upon the premises. 'Natural soda-water!' This is indeed to be almost in England. We wonder the spirited entrepreneur does not also advertise 'real calomel,' or 'Cooke's antibilious pills without adulteration.' And magnesia too! Why make magnesia a leading article? It is an exceptional thing to find in

chemists' shops? or are English visitors supposed to be peculiarly attracted by that cooling powder? When the blond Briton enters the pharmacy, even before he commences with his perpetual 'Avez vous,' does the international chemist and druggist say to him, 'Do not give yourself the pain to speak, sir. I guess your wants. You are English and require magnesia. We have all sorts of magnesia. Magnesia hot, magnesia cold, magnesia still, magnesia sparkling. Behold!'

Goldsmith's beggar said that he hated the French because they were all slaves and wore wooden shoes. From my point of view let me say that I like the French, though they do not understand political freedom and eat ragouts. Let me also say that, although when in strange lands I trust that I feel the eyes of Baker Street are upon me, and bear myself with becoming pride, I infinitely prefer French cookery to that very plain roast and boiled, and that very gross grease and gravy which are the prandial glories of this free country, the ruin of the digestion, and the parents of bile.

Animated by the twofold desire of making gastronomic discovery and of getting the best dinners and breakfasts I could find, I resolved on a course of experimental meals; that is, believing that with the French, cookery is a science, and that with us it is a mere overboiled or underdone accident, I resolved on tasting how French artists treated British dishes. I had seen how French tragedians treated our grand standard intellectual dishes, and had been delighted with the elegant and accomplished foreigners' performances, and so went in full confidence in search of a Parisian chef's skilful handling of tea, beef, and, of course, mock turtle, without which, taking a Parisian view of English character, what is life?

It was high noon in the city of white façades and enormous Roman capitals when I bent my steps towards the Rue d'Aguesseau. I had made up my mind to renounce the spicy sausage of Lorraine, the lobster salad, the 'jumped' kidneys, fried potatoes, fleshy cherries, and pleasant

acid wine that usually formed my déjeuner, and to go in for breakfast after the manner of my ancestors; to give up my beautiful black, bitter, aromatic coffee, and—greatly daring—try some tea. I reached my British tavern, whose very windows and portals promised pale ale, lunches, and stout, entered, and found everything arranged *à la* fashion, except that the lady behind the counter, instead of being surrounded by vases of flowers, small statuary, and the like, was supported on her right by a large piece of beef, cooked to please the presumed English appetite—that is, hardly cooked at all—and on her left by an enormous highly-varnished and illuminated ham. Cold veal cutlets and yesterday's sausages, these last looking very crumbly and neglected, were grouped about her in symmetrical order. That the *dame du comptoir* in a restaurant should have an entourage of eatables is no doubt severely practical, but I am still sentimental enough to prefer the flowers and a little fountain in a nest of fernery.

'Waut would you like to taïke, saïr?' said a waiter as soon as I had sat down. He spoke very good English, with but a slight accent.

'I'll take some breakfast.'

'Yais, saïr. Coffee?'

'No, tea.'

'A pot of tea; yais, saïr; and some beef—rosbif?'

I shuddered as I looked at the half-raw mass of meat. The waiter, who was an artist, saw that I was impressionable, and permitted me to take the initiative.

'What can I have?' I asked.

'Anything you please to order, saïr?' replied he, determined not to shock my sensibilities, but to give my imagination free play. As I had made up my mind to have a perfectly British meal, my first idea, of course, was bacon; but I remembered that I had been once served with a small square lump of fat like a compact grease brick, and the recollection terrified me. I looked at the dish that seemed to garnish the *dame du comptoir*, as the parsley garnished the dish, and said, 'I'll take some—ham!'

'Yais, sair. Du jambon!' he shouted, as if the dame du comptoir were a mile off. The lady rose, smiled at me as if to say, 'I take the greatest possible pleasure in serving you,' and seizing a dreadful sacrificial-looking knife, whose edge was even sharper than her smile was sweet, began to carve juicily and daintily.

When a thick, heavy plate had been covered with slices of Vauxhallian tenuity, the preparations for my banquet languished. I seemed to pass out of the waiter's memory, and the dame du comptoir, with a perfidy only excusable from the proverbial coquetry of the Parisienne, bestowed her smiles upon a black-bearded Frenchman, who entered and commanded half a bottle of wine and half a yard of bread.

Was it possible! The misguided native, possibly impelled by a desire to have the air Britannic, desired beef. I cannot describe that scene of horror; suffice it that, according to the printed nursery legend about apple pie, the dame du comptoir Cut it, the waiter Brought it—the—the—the Vampire—I can call him nothing else—Divided it, and He (E without the H in the original) 'Eat it! I thought of rushing from the restaurant breakfastless, but as I conceived my flight my eye caught that of the dame du comptoir, who smiled me into subjugation, and I kept my seat.

For three-quarters of an hour did I wait for that pot of tea, my plate of ham upon the counter taunting me the whole time. I endeavoured to amuse myself with the 'Siècle,' the 'Presse,' and the 'Constitutionnel'—the vampire had secured yesterday's 'Times'—and read those dreary faits divers that reflect so much discredit on the research, and so much credit on the invention of the Gallic penny-a-liner.

Fifty minutes, and no pot of tea! Perhaps, I thought, though the Parisian takes more time than the London chef, the result is more perfect, or perhaps the water does not boil.

At last! A small and ricketty teapot, the knob of the lid cocked knowingly on one side, was brought

in by the waiter, who was obviously afraid of it. Monsieur was served. Ham, bread, English mustard, all! I observed the waiter eye me with anxiety. I poured out the tea, which was pale, 'nay, very pale,' put in milk and sugar, and sipped a spoonful.

Mrs. Gamp once observed that 'fiddle-strings were weakness to express her nerves' upon a particular occasion. To pursue that lady's cloudy metaphor violoncello-strings were filaments to describe that tea. I was just about to order a cup of coffee when the waiter came up to the table and said—

'Per-rhaps, sair, your tea is not quite str-strong enough?'

'Not quite,' I replied, sarcastically, ladling it about, as if it were too hot soup.

'Permit, sair, that I fetch again.'

And I had to endure another interval of twelve minutes; but this time I solaced myself with 'Figaro' and 'La Vie Parisienne.' My rakish-looking teapot was again brought me; the tea was a little stronger, but not much. I managed a cup of it, and then made up with coffee and cognac. My little note amounted to—

	Fr.	Cent.
Tea	1	50
Ham	1	0
Bread	0	10
Butter	0	30
Coffee, &c.	0	60
Total	3	40

My next was a mock-turtle soup experience. I had often eyed the lively 'Mock Turtle,' as I called the restaurant to myself; and one cool day in January I determined to satisfy my curiosity and appetite. I entered, and an odour as of mock turtle in solution was wafted to my nostrils. The saloon was old-fashioned, and somewhat dark—two things especially agreeable to me. I detest dining in the glare and glitter of a hundred gas-jets, a thousand cut-glass lustres, and the million prisms dangling and dazzling therefrom. Can any decoration for a dining-room be more unfortu-

nate and inappropriate than that of mirrors? Who but a Parisian could possibly require a looking-glass to see himself dine by? Often, as I have trifled over a *vol-au-vent*, have I been shocked by the sight of my own face and figure, forty times repeated. When I have caught a piece of mushroom on my fork, I have shuddered to see forty men catch at forty pieces of mushroom upon one hundred and sixty silver prongs, and convey these forty pieces of mushroom to eighty lips. It was not like feeding your individual self, but giving rations to a multitude. The thought would cross me, Have I to provide for all these people every day? But this is a digression—*revenons à nos mock turtles!*

The paper on the walls of the salon was a dark-green and gold, embossed with maroon-coloured figures, that I fancied were mock-turtles struggling into life again, and embellishing the locality in which they had departed this shell in the form of escutcheons. The waiter was a grave, bald man, who, I thought, looked musical, and who, I felt, marked down my nationality the instant he set eyes on me. As soon as I was seated, he gave me a bill of fare, like a hand barometer, and said in deep tones—

‘Mac Turk!’

I knew that he meant mock turtle, but I was struck by his pronunciation, and wished him to repeat it; he did so.

‘Mac Tartan!’ he said, the second time. Could he have supposed it was a Scotch dish, that he laid such an emphasis on the Mac? Impossible. English, Scotch, Irish, Welch, Manx, Orkneyan, Guernseyic, Jersey, Alderneyan, or Sarkalian, were all lumped up by him as *Britannic*.

I replied ‘*Oui*,’ and was served with a basin of very excellent soup, but no more like mock turtle than I to the island of Ascension; and oh, what a compliment to the *Britannic* digestion did that chef pay, in the amount of pepper and spice infused into that highly-flavoured pottage!

There is a very well-known restaurant in Paris, not—to quote

the style of the provincial newspapers—a hundred miles from the *Madeleine*, where I have dined and breakfasted often. From its sign it would appear to claim some not remote connection with the city and corporation of London; let us therefore on the present occasion call it, ‘*Og, Gog, and Magog’s Oyster-Rooms*,’ or, for the sake of abbreviation, the ‘*Og and Gog*.’

From the display on the counters of the ‘*Og and Gog*,’ the visitor might think a call from the three giants themselves was momentarily expected. Huge lumps of beef, cold legs of mutton, large hams, half-hundredweights of cheese, bisected pork-pies, fruit tarts, puddings—no, I am not exaggerating; puddings and celery are piled upon the marble. There is no deception in these viands. There they stand, heavy, honest, raw, and smiling; each bold bone and piece of luscious fat seeming to say, ‘You see me as I am. I stand on my own merits, and disdain the aid of olives, mushrooms, cockscombs, and kickshaws. I want no adventitious flavours; and if you like me, cut and come again; there is plenty of me, and *you know what you are eating!*’ Rule Britannia!

As the good cheer upon the counter is essentially English, so is the lady who blooms behind it essentially French. Dark-haired, dark-eyed, and comely, handsome as Hebe, there is around her the air of comfort that seems to accompany the presence of an English hostess, with the vivacity, quick smile, and readiness to oblige of a Parisienne.

The society at the ‘*Og and Gog*,’—that is, the men who sit opposite the beef, ham, and landlady—is of the most mixed and heterogeneous description. Frowsy Frenchmen, speaking tolerable English, who on the airy listlessness of the *fleur-de-lis* have grafted the oracular dignity of the chairman of the smoke-room. Solid, stolid, sottish-looking Englishmen, who from long residence in Paris, have acquired a readiness to answer and a disposition to be conversationally officious which sits oddly on countenances that still preserve the compressed lips, and blue-eyed British stare that asks so plainly

of every new comer, 'Who are you, and why the devil do you come where I am?' The chatter is incessant. Shrieks the shrill Gaul, and growls the burly Briton, all the day. Expectorates the Yankee, after arriving at a peroration that always concludes with the word 'firmament' or 'universe.' Softly sighs the sentimental German, as he breathes hard over his beloved dominoes; and gesticulates the rapid and lymphatic Pole, as he describes something he did not do in the distant and down-trodden land afar. Perhaps no language is spoken well there, for each man is anxious to show off his accomplishments, and delights to address his neighbour in what he thinks is that neighbour's mother-tongue. Cheese and butter are demanded in every European patois. The one word heard most frequently is the same from every lip, and that word is 'beer!'

The 'Og and Gog' is not so English as it pretends to be. The omelette is as often called for as the 'rosbif,' and many English dishes are à la Française. One Christmas-day, disclaiming the wiles of foreign art, I and a friend resolved to have our native pudding. Our first course was turkey, but turkey with Gallic garnishing, and chestnut forcemeat; our second, beef, excellent, though somewhat raw; after that they brought us a queer combination intended for plum-pudding. It was a flat slice of conglomerated paste and raisins, was alight with rum, and had an odd taste of burnt spirit and brown paper, like bad snapdragon. My friend ordered mince-pie to follow. I remonstrated, but he said that 'he meant to go the whole "Og and Gog," or none;' and the pastry was served in a blue blaze, like the pudding, and had precisely the same flavour. In the carte plum-pudding is spelt with one *d*, and the visitor is informed that 'plum-puding au rhum' is so much, and plum-puding, nature, so much less; so superior to the cook's sophisticated mind is rum to nature. Before dismissing the 'Og and Gog,' I may confidently recommend the tea there, as being tea, and not tantalization and water.

There is an English restaurant on the Boulevard des Capucines, where everything is English in the best sense of the word. The landlord is English, the waiters are English, and I verily believe the beef is also. There the Briton, palled by scientific cookery, may rush back to the pleasures of his youth, and the vigorous food of his forefathers. There, avoiding the nasal annoyance of the word 'Garçon,' he may call 'Waiter!' with the assurance of being answered 'Yes, sir,' in accents that sound of the coffee-room coffee-roomy. From its agreeable associations, I will call the place 'Bills.' 'Bills,' then, is furnished after the approved and regular café fashion. The white tables, like water-lilies beaten flat; the dark pickled-cabbage coloured velvet 'squabs, sofas, and lounges; the chandeliers, lustres, looking-glasses, and fatigued but smiling dames du comptoir. There is a wealth of flowers, too, at 'Bills,' which makes us ask ourselves why, if 'Bills' kept an old-established hotel on this side the Straits, the flowers would be absent, and the dust present; why the barmaid would be aggressive, and the waiters limp and slipshod; and why everything should be so cheery, clean, and comfortable nine hours from Dover, and so dark, dingy, muddled, and horse-hairy nine miles from it?

At 'Bills' those delicate gastronomic exotics, the beef-steak and the mutton-chop, are produced in perfection; and it is the real steak and the real chop, after the fashion of Fleet Street, that is placed before you—not a sophisticated concoction of egg, bread-crumbs, parsley, and potato-buttons. While on the subject of these last-mentioned vegetables, it may be stated that at 'Bills' they have a wonderful chef, who knows how to cook them au naturel, or, as they would say at the 'Og and Gog,' nature potatoes. This statement may appear incredible; it is nevertheless true. I hope that in consequence of his long services that chef may always be retained on the establishment.

It must not be supposed that because 'Bills' is famous for boiled leg of mutton, and caper-sauce,

roast sirloin, the silver-side, the fore-quarter, and other innocent delights, it is incapable, or even feeble upon the points of filets, balotines, galantines, or cotelettes; on the contrary, they are forthcoming in the same perfection as that genuine roast and boiled, which is the envy of surrounding nations, and the cause of dyspepsia in our own.

I should require tomes to do justice to this interesting subject, or to even mention the names of the hundred and one semi-Britannic restaurants with which the bright, white city, watered by the silver Seine, abounds. There are hotels as English as Long's or Limmer's, but not so comfortable; and round and about the Quartier Vendome pale ale and the 'Times' are to be had everywhere.

In the hotels the American element is in the ascendant, and the American element is not always an agreeable one. Without the fear of Wall Street before their eyes, and with the power of harassing their unfortunate ambassador into obtaining tickets for Tuileries' receptions and state-balls, the American in Paris is often as disagreeable an animal as the British snob in full flower and pride of porte-monnaie. There is a horrible provincialism of mind and manners in some of the dwellers of Little Pocklington-cum-Peddleton, and the indigenous of Fourth Avenue, that neither time, nor travel, nor tourists' guides, nor douaniers, nor 'Bradshaw,' can subdue.

The American drinks in Paris are excellent. I remember that but

few of these transatlantic beverages were silent; they all fizzed, and hissed, and sputtered, and boiled, and swelled, and called attention to themselves, as if saying, 'Look here! look here! what a superior drink I am! Though but a stone-fence, gum-tickler, corpse-reviver, or what not, I would be Niagara and the Mississippi if I could!'

This, however, is travelling from the record; and after the evidence offered by experience, there can be no doubt that the old adage of doing in Rome as do the Romans, applies with more force to dinners than to any other social institution. Except in certain places in Paris, where you are sure of your host, cook, and waiter, never order an English dinner—as well go to Bradford, in Yorkshire, to order the sort of supper you would expect at the Trois Frères. All dinners are good, and all cookery is good, when you eat of the favourite dish of the country, province, or town that you are in. The fried sole, the steak and mushrooms, the spatch-cock and the jam-pudding, are as admirable in their way as the turtles' fins, cotelettes de Précalé en Macédoine, plovers' eggs, and omelettes au gelée in theirs. There is but one essential difference between first-rate English and first-rate French cookery, and for that the climates are to an extent responsible. To enjoy an English dinner, you must be hungry when you sit down. A French dinner will give you an appetite, as you progress from course to course.

T. W. R.



CURIOSITIES OF FASHION,

In the Matter of Dress.

‘THOU knowest,’ says Borachio, ‘that the fashion of a doublet, or a hat, or a cloak, is nothing to a man.’ Foolish Borachio! But then he had had no experience of ‘London Society;’ and it is possible that in Messina he kept but indifferent company. Or are we to regard him as a supercilious cynic, who looked ‘down upon such trifles as the set of a feather or the cut of a doublet, and busied himself with more important, if less innocent, matters?’ To such a conclusion his further utterances would seem to guide us. ‘Seest thou not,’ he inquires of his companion, contemptuously, ‘what a deformed thief this fashion is? How giddily he turns about all the hot-bloods between fourteen and five-and-thirty? Sometimes fashioning them like Pharaoh’s soldiers in the reechy painting; sometime, like god Bel’s priests in the old church windows; sometime, like the shaved Hercules in the smirched, worm-eaten tapestry?’ It is true that the fashion, as Conrade sagely conjectures, wears out more apparel than the man; but it deserves to be dealt with in a wider spirit of philosophy than comported with the cynical mood of Borachio, and from its influence upon men, manners, and morals, is not unworthy of the attention of a Buckle or a Macaulay. The relation of a particular fashion to a particular state of society is very obvious, and we may trace the spirit of an age in the attire peculiar to it. Who can fancy a Raleigh, a Sidney, or an Essex in aught but doublets and hose, short cloaks, rapiers, ruffles, and plumed hats? How would a courtier, I beg leave to inquire, fling, with any degree of propriety, a paletôt or a llama to help a virgin queen across a plashy piece of ground? If Leicester had worn the Windsor uniform, do you believe it possible that he could have dazzled Amy Robsart with the splendour of his personal appearance? Or, in the same mysterious combination of

the postman and the footman, would Robert Carr have attracted the attention of James I.? And if he had not, a murder or two, besides some other peccadilloes, would have been happily avoided. If no man was ever so wise as Lord Thurlow *looked*, how much of that wonderfully sagacious aspect was owing to his horse-hair wig? What would become of the Belinda of Pope’s exquisite ‘Rape of the Lock’ without her patches, powder, and hoops? And does not many a beauty whom history or art has made immortal owe much of her fame to her furbelows or high-heeled *bottines*? The difference between a Phryne and a Traviata is, perhaps, a matter of fashion; and a Burleigh in a loose shooting-coat and striped trousers would assuredly not be the much-pondering and often head-shaking councillor of Queen Elizabeth.

It is a question, I think, whether the fashion influences the age, or the age moulds and shapes the fashion; but it is obvious that there exists a subtle relationship between them. A high-bred courtesy, a certain elevation of manner, a loftiness of language, and even a refinement of thought, seem naturally to associate themselves with the rich and stately costume of the men of the sixteenth century. Look at the Cavaliers in the glorious pictures of Vandyck;—who can believe that from the lips of such be-ruffled and be-plumed gentlemen ever dropped any coarse ribaldry or vulgar slang? Those grave and potent seigniors who glow on the splendid canvas of Titian; can you believe them capable of the deeds in which delighted the buckskin-breeches and cocked-hats of our Maccaronis and Mohawks in the days of the second George? When I look upon the sweet and noble women of Vandyck, and compare them with the bare-boomed beauties of Lely, I trace in the distinction of costume and fashion the difference of morals and taste, and the

wide gulf between the pure household life of the reign of Charles I. and the social abandonment of that of Charles II. Morals and manners keep pace with the changes of costume, and are indicated by them. It is quite in accordance with the philosophy of fashion that the society which countenances 'pretty horse-breakers,' and disguises things vicious with pleasant periphrases of language, should distinguish itself by patronizing huge crinolined monstrosities contrived to expose, and yet encumber, the female figure. It may be that there was as much vice in the times of old, but it was a more decorous vice; and the Doll Tearsheet of Falstaff and his companions did not 'set the fashion' to the wives of Percy and Mortimer.

A writer who proposed to himself to become the historian of fashion would soon find himself perplexed by the absence of all general laws, and the want of any definite divisions of his subject. There is nothing progressive in fashion: on the contrary, its principal tendency is to repeat itself. And this is a necessary consequence of its assimilation to the tastes and passions of the time. In England, for instance, when the English public has one of what Sydney Smith called its 'cold fits of morality,' fashion becomes as severe as it was in the days of the Puritans. The robe *décolleté* is exchanged for the high and close-fitting 'body,' and the skirt descends in sober decency over the well-turned ankle. When the French revolutionists ran mad about classic systems of government, and every ferocious Jacobin thought himself—with a strange confusion of ideas and a remarkable ignorance of history—a Gracchus or a Brutus, how classic became the costume of the Parisian Portias and the *virii togati* of the National Convention! It is a sign of the gradual wearing down of class distinctions,—the cosmopolitan character of the dress of the present day. There is little enough, Heaven knows, as far as attire is concerned, to separate a nobleman whose veins are blue with the best *azul sangre*—the 'blood of all the Howards'—from our Brown, Jones, or Robinson, who

know not their great-grandfathers! When I read of an innkeeper trusting a supposititious Lord John Russell with five shillings and a glass of gin and water, I am inclined to doubt whether the host of 'The Tabard' or 'The Boar's Head' could so easily have been beguiled by a false Earl of Essex. Dress no longer makes the man, nor shows the man as he is. In the gorgeous chamber of the Peers the descendants of the Whigs of 1688, and the Tories who shouted for 'Sacheverel and the Church,' are scarcely to be distinguished from Tomkins, who occupies a stool in a banking-house in the City; or Simpkins, who measures ribbons over a counter in St. Paul's Churchyard. Even the clergy are yielding to the prevailing confusion of ideas, and—O, shades of Barrow and Tillotson!—rejoice in wide-awakes and coats of most uncanonical cut.

In the days that were, a man might hope for immortality from his costume. If he could not be a Milton, a Shakspeare, or a Newton, he might at least have the satisfaction of descending to posterity as a Beau Brummell! There is no such cheap immortality to be earned now-a-days, unless the Empress Eugénie be remembered by the amplitude of her skirts and the peculiarities of her head-gear. In the old biographers you will meet with pages of elaborate description of the attire affected by their heroes; and some of our modern novelists, taking wide views of the philosophy of clothes, are equally precise in their pictorial sketches. But I should like to see a modern biographer attempt to interest his public with a sketch of the costume of any recent 'celebrity.' How much of the character and idiosyncrasies of a man can you identify with a Gibus hat, an Eureka shirt, a Melton paletôt, and a pair of the Sydenham trousers?

If this era of cosmopolitan utilitarianism endures, what will become of the historical associations of dress? Who can reasonably expect that the pegoops or ponchos will ever make any remarkable figure in history? What will the present age hand down to the future in company with

George Fox's suit of home-made leather—honest, sturdy leather—and Raleigh's much-worn cloak?—with Oliver Cromwell's 'plain cloth suit, which' (says Sir Philip Warwick) 'seemed to have been made by an ill country tailor,' and the 'lack-lustre stars' that pointed the deadly aim of Nelson's murderer? We seem to cherish a personal familiarity with Napoleon's *gris redingote*, with the short white cloak that was Wellington's distinctive insignia in battle, with the portentous ruff of Queen Elizabeth, the black velvet robe that clothed the fair form of Mary of Scotland on the day of her execution, and 'the doublets quilted for stiletto proof, and breeches in great plaits and full stuffed,' of James I.? In a gallery of historical personages you may almost identify each of them by their peculiar attire. This, you say, is Spinoza, and that is Henri Quatre; this is Nell Gwynne, and that Marie Antoinette. I wonder whether our descendants will so easily recognize ourselves!

One of the 'Curiosities of Fashion,' as far as dress is concerned, was the extreme sumptuousness of the attire in which our seventeenth-century ancestors indulged. Everybody will remember the description by John Taylor, the Water Poet, of the wasteful squires and luxurious cavaliers who were not ashamed to

'Wear a farm in shoe-strings edged with gold,
And spangled garters worth a copyhold;
A hose and doublet which a lordship cost;
A gaudy cloak, three manors' price almost;
A beaver band, and feather for the head,
Priced at the church's tythe, the poor man's bread.'

George Villiers, the splendid favourite of James I., exceeded all his compeers in the lavish costliness of his garb. On one great occasion he had twenty-seven suits of clothes made, 'the richest that embroidery, lace, silk, velvet, silver, gold, and gems could contribute; one of which was a white uncut velvet, set all over, both suit and cloak, with diamonds valued at fourscore thousand pounds, besides a great feather stuck all over with diamonds, as were also his sword, girdle, hat, and spurs.' This exquisite gentleman would have

the flashing gems which adorned his attire affixed so loosely that he could shake them off as he paraded through the gallery of Whitehall, much to the edification and contentment of *les dames de la cour* who picked them up. On his embassy to Paris the splendour of his appearance completely dazzled the French nobles. 'He appeared there,' says Lord Clarendon, 'with all the lustre the wealth of England could adorn him with, and outshined all the bravery that court could dress itself in, and overacted the whole nation in their own most peculiar vanities.' It was common with him, at an ordinary dancing, to have his clothes trimmed with great diamond buttons, and to wear diamond hat-bands, cockades, and ear-rings, to be yoked with great and manifold ropes and knots of pearl;—in short, to be manacled, fettered, and imprisoned in jewels. At the time of his death he is said to have possessed 300,000*l.* in jewels—a stock which might almost excite the envy of Hancock or Emanuel, and may be borne in mind when we peruse Sir William Davenant's eulogium on the prosperous courtier—

'The court's bright star, the clergy's advocate;
The poet's brightest theme, the lover's flame,
The soldier's glory, mighty Buckingham.'

Raleigh, the bright particular star of the galaxy which moved and shone around the great Gloriana, was equally profuse in his expenditure upon dress. A portrait is extant in which he appears attired in a white satin pinked vest, close-sleeved to the wrist; over the body a brown doublet, finely flowered and embroidered with pearl; in the feather of his hat a large ruby and pearl drop, at the bottom of the sprig, in place of a button; his trunks or breeches, with his stockings and riband garters, fringed at the end, are all white; his shoes, of buff, adorned with white riband. These shoes on important occasions would glitter with precious stones of the value of 6,600*l.* (nearly 80,000*l.* at the present standard of money); and their wearer would occasionally present himself before the eyes of his lady-love, Mistress Elizabeth Throckmorton, in a suit of armour of solid silver, his sword and belt

flashing unutterable radiance from a hundred diamonds, pearls, and rubies. The elder Disraeli tells of a simple knight who wore at the coronation of James I. a cloak which cost him 50*l*. At the marriage of Elizabeth of Bohemia—perpend, ye ladies!—Lady Wotton shone resplendent in a gown, which was stiff with embroidery, at 50*l*. a yard! The Lady Arabella Stuart,—that heroine of a strange and sad romance,—

‘Ornament both of herself and sex,
And mirror bright, where virtues did reflex’—

set the said mirror in a framework of satins and velvets valued at 1,500*l*. We read of a certain Sir Thomas Glover, who burst upon the world of fashion ‘like a comet, all in crimson velvet and beaten gold;’ and Hay, Earl of Carlisle, ambassador to Paris in 1616, dressed not only himself but his trumpeters,—the latter ‘in tawny velvet liveries laced all over with gold, rich and closely laid,’—while his horse was shod with silver shoes, which, ‘when he came to a place where persons or beauties of eminence were, he, prancing and curvetting, in humble reverence flung away; and so he was content to be gazed on and admired till a farrier, or rather the *argentier*, in one of his rich liveries, among his train of footmen, out of a tawney velvet bag took others and tacked them on.’ Quaint Arthur Wilson describes one of ‘the meanest of the suits’ of this sumptuous peer. ‘The cloak and hose,’ he says, ‘are made of very fine white beaver, embroidered richly all over with gold and silver; the cloak, almost to the cape, within and without, having no lining but embroidery; the doublet was cloth of gold, embroidered so thick that it could not be discerned; and a white beaver hat suitable, brimful of embroidery, both above and below.’

A notable article of costume in the reigns of the Tudors and the Stuarts, both with men and women, were the starched ruffs, with which the portraits of Elizabeth and her courtiers have made everybody familiar. These were often set upon a frame of wire and edged with the

richest point-lace; nor without their bravery did any gallant think himself complete. Thus, in Ben Jonson’s ‘*Alchemist*,’ Lovewit says to Surly,

‘Good faith now, she does blame you extremely,
and says,
You swore, and told her you had taken the
pains
To dye your beard, and umbre o’er your face,
Borrowed a suit and rag, all for her love.’

Mrs. Anne Turner, a woman of splendid beauty but abandoned character, introduced, in the reign of James I., the fashion of yellow starched ruffs, and for a time these were all the vogue. But Mrs. Turner having compassed, with Sir Robert Carr and Frances Howard, Countess of Somerset, the foul murder of Sir Thomas Overbury, and being sentenced to death by Lord Chief Justice Coke, he ordered that ‘as she was the person who had brought yellow starched ruffs into vogue, she should be hanged in that dress, that the same might end in shame and detestation.’ The strange order was carried out, and Mrs. Turner was hung at Tyburn in yellow ruffs, the hangman being similarly decorated. The fashion straightway sank into disrepute.

‘Yellow’ was certainly a favourite colour with our ancestors, and it is the hue generally attributed to the tresses of their lady-loves by the mediæval poets. When wigs first came into fashion they were all flaxen, for the light-complexioned, sanguine Franks could not affect the raven tresses of the ‘awarthy beauties’ of Spain or Italy. Most of our early queens had yellow hair; Elizabeth Woodville’s streamed down her back ‘a shower of rippled gold.’ Queen Elizabeth had yellow hair—with, perhaps, a suspicion of red about it—and the ladies of her Court accordingly dyed their hair of the royal colour—an instance of loyalty which now-a-days would astonish even the enthusiastic admirers of the fair Princess Alexandra. The readers of our Elizabethan dramatists do not need to be reminded of their numerous allusions to tawny and orange velvets, and satins shimmering with golden lustre. In ‘*Every Man out of his*

Humour *Fungoso* wears a 'pink'd yellow doublet.' In 'Cynthia's Revels' *Amorphus* describes his mistress as ribanded in green and yellow.

Silk stockings came into use in England in the reign of Queen Elizabeth, under circumstances which Stowe describes with his usual quaintness:—"In the second yeere of Queen Elizabeth," he says, "her silk woman, Mistris Montague, presented her majestie for a new yeere's gift, a pair of black knit silk stockings, the which, after a few days' wearing, pleased her highness so well, that she sent for Mistris Montague, and asked her where she had them, and if she could help her to any more; she answered, saying, "I made them very carefully, of purpose only for your majestie, and seeing these please you so well, I will presently set more in hand." "Do so" (quoth the queene), "for indeed I like silk stockings so well, because they are pleasant, fine, and delicate, that henceforth I will wear no more cloth stockings"—and from that time unto her death the queene never wore any more cloth hose, but only silke stockings;* for you shall understand that King Henry the Eighth did weare only cloath hose, or hose cut out of ell-broade taffety; or that by great chance there came a pair of Spanish silk stockings from Spain. King Edward the Sixth had a payre of long Spanish silk stockings sent him for a great present.'

The variations in the matter of the beard have been astounding. At one time it has streamed like a meteor from the lip and chin; at another the chin has showed like a stubble-land at harvest-home. The Normans did not encourage the hirsute appendage, but among the French it was held in great esteem; and when Louis VII., in compliance with the exhortations of his bishops, curtailed his long locks and shaved off his beard, he unwittingly got rid of his wife, for Eleanor, dis-

* In James I.'s reign, the gallants would wear their woollen stockings in the country, and, as Stephen says, in 'Every Man in his Humour,' 'have a pair of silk against winter,' that they went 'to dwell in the town.'

gusted with his effeminate appearance, took the law into her own hands and soon provided her husband with sufficient grounds for a divorce; whereupon she married Henry II. (then Count of Anjou), and bringing him as her dowry the rich provinces of Guienne and Poitou, stirred up the long wars between France and England that endured for three centuries of bloodshed. The beard came into fashion again in the reign of Henry VIII., who wore it short and round, but closely cropped his hair. The introduction of Spanish fashions with the introduction of a Spanish husband to Queen Mary lengthened the beard, and encouraged the growth of those long locks which give so noble an appearance to our Elizabethan worthies. The moustache, at the same time, grew in favour, either curled round each side of the mouth in the shape of a crescent, or worn thick and bushy upon the lip, or drawn out into thin spiral ends like that of Napoleon III. An old poet says of one of his heroes—

'He'll borrow money on the stroke of his beard,
Or turn of his mustaccio'

The beard was usually worn peaked, like an inverted pyramid, as you will see it in Vandyck's and Zuccherò's portraits;* but in Charles II.'s reign it began to give place to a sleek and bushy 'imperial,' or 'tuft,' which in due time vanished altogether, leaving the chin once more free from hair. This latter fashion prevailed for upwards of a century, whiskers being the only adornment of the face; but within the last few years the moustache and the beard have again sprung into a notable popularity, and are countenanced, we are told, on 'physiological principles.' The beard protects the throat, the moustache the lips—the latter a natural 'respirator,' whose advantages should be shown by a decrease in bronchial affections. Both, however, have fought a hard fight with prejudice, and especially has the moustache run the gauntlet of every little wit. It was 'snobbish,'

* Like the beard of Hudibras,

'In cut and dye so like a tile,

A sudden view it would beguile.'

'coxcombical,' 'unmanly,' 'outlandish.' Certainly on the lips of quiet city clerks and pallid shopmen it loses its grace and fitness, but the gentleman and the soldier may well be content to wear it, if there be any truth in the dictum of a writer on education in the seventeenth century: 'I have a favourable opinion,' he says, 'of that young gentleman who is curious in fine mustachios. The time he employs in adjusting, dressing, and curling them is no lost time, for the more he contemplates his mustachios, the more his mind will cherish and be animated by masculine and courageous notions!' Which admirable axiom I commend to the consideration of the Volunteers of England.

Certain revelations anent a certain Madame Rachel have made known to the curious public that the art of beautifying beauty—gilding refined gold and painting the lily—is not yet extinct, and that women of fashion can still be found to disgrace themselves with enamel and the use or abuse of half a hundred filthy cosmetics. But these are hardly likely to revive the mania for pomades, perfumes, oils, tinctures, and quintessences which possessed the ladies of the sixteenth century. The roses and lilies, which the old poets praised in their mistresses, were but painted daubs after all. A lady's toilet was a complete system of painting, essencing, and bathing. Ben Jonson thus details the process:—

* To-morrow morning

I'll send you a perfume, first to resolve
And procure sweat, and then prepare a bath
To cleanse and clear the cutis; against when
I'll have an excellent new facus made,
Resistive 'gainst the sun, the rain, or wind,
Which you shall lay on with a breath, or oil,
As you best like, and last some fourteen hours.*

Ninon de L'Enclos, the famous French beauty, like Poppæa, the mistress of Nero, is said to have preserved her loveliness unimpaired to a mature age by the daily use of a bath of asses' milk. The fair Queen of Scots bathed in wine; and the Earl of Shrewsbury, when acting as her custodian, complained bitterly of the expense she entailed upon him by this luxurious custom. It

was white wine the ladies thus employed for the purposes of the toilet, and it was mainly used by those of 'a certain age,' who desired to remove their wrinkles: young beauty contented itself with a bath of milk. Did the effeminate Clarence bathe in wine, and was King Edward's order that he should suffer death by drowning in a butt of Malvoisie a cruel satire on his womanish weakness? According to Strutt, if you wish to obtain a bright and sanguine complexion, you must first use a hot bath until you perspire, and then wash the face with wine until you become marvellously fair and ruddy.

A wine-bath was assuredly much to be preferred to the flesh of capons fed with vipers, by which the beautiful Venetia Digby, wife of the eccentric Sir Kenelm, endeavoured to improve her complexion. Sir Kenelm is also supposed to have made his lady feed upon the great snail, or *helix pomatia*, washing down the unsavory repast with a draught of viper-wine, for the preservation of her beauty. No wonder that she died in her thirty-third year, and that only 'a small quantity of brains' was found in her head! Ladies in those days, and down to the reign of the second George, ornamented—or disfigured—their faces with an abundance of black patches, which they cut in the most fantastic forms—owls, rings, suns, moons, crowns, stars, crosses, and even a coach and horses. The widow in 'Hudibras' refers to this grotesque fashion—

* She that with poetry is won

Is but a desk to write upon;
Some with Arabian spices strive
T'embalm her cruelly alive;
Or season her, as French cooks use
Their *haut-gout*, *bouillies*, or *ragouts*;
Others make posies of her cheeks,
Where red and whitest colours mix;
In which the lily and the rose
For Indian lake and ceruse goes.
The sun and moon, by her bright eyes,
Eclipse'd and darken'd in the skies,
Are but black patches that she wears,
Cut into suns, and moons, and stars.*

A curious story anent these patches is told by the Sir Kenelm Digby already referred to. A young wife of his acquaintance having given way to this reprehensible practice, he considered it his duty to remonstrate

with her. 'Have you no apprehension,' he said, 'that your child may be born with half moons upon its face; or rather, that all those black patches may assemble in one and appear in the middle of its forehead?' This lecture was not without effect, but the mischief was partly done, and the lady's child was actually born with a mark on her forehead as large 'as a crown of gold.'

Of these and other mysterious additions to a beauty's toilet Pope has made exquisite use in 'The Rape of the Lock':—

'And now, unveiled, the toilet stands displayed,
Each silver vase in mystic order laid;
First, robed in white, the nymph intent adores,
With head uncovered, the cosmetic powers.
A heavenly image in the glass appears;
To that she bends, to that her eye she rears;
The inferior priestesses, at her altar's side,
Trembling begin the sacred rites of pride.
Unnumber'd treasures ope at once, and here
The various offerings of the world appear;
From each she nicely calls with curious toil,
And decks the goddess with the glittering spoil.
This casket India's glowing gems unlocks,
And all Arabia breathes from yonder box;
The tortoise here and elephant unite,
Transformed to combs, the speckled and the white.
Here flies of pins extend their shining rows,
Puffs, powders, patches, Bibles, billet-doux.'

Patches came into England with Charles II.; and his sister, Henrietta of Orleans, who had learned the art in Paris, was the first to wear them in public. The fashion instantly spread. Even Pepys—gossiping but shrewd old Pepys—allowed his wife to adopt it. 'The Princess Henrietta is very pretty,' he says, 'but my wife, standing near her, with two or three black patches on, and well dressed, seems to me much handsomer than she.' Which I take to be a very proper conclusion on the part of Master Pepys. These patches were so arranged as to attract the eye to what was considered the best feature of the face. Happy the beauty who boasted of a dimple, a becoming smile, or a rosy bloom! The patches, like finger-posts, indicated its position and fascination to the admiring observer.

According to an anecdote related by the learned author of the 'Britannia,' there existed among our ancestors as absurd an imitation of the dress and habits of the great as

the little minds of our own day are prone to affect. 'Sir Philip Calthorp,' he says, 'purged John Drakes, the shoemaker of Norwich, in the time of King Henry VIII., of the proud humour which our people have to be of the gentleman's cut. This knight bought on a time as much fine French tawny cloth as should make him a gown, and sent it to the taylor's to be made. John Drakes, a shoemaker of that town, coming to this said taylor's, and seeing the knight's gown-cloth lying there, liking it well, caused the taylor to buy him as much of the same cloth and price to the same intent, and further bade him to make it of the same fashion that the knight would have his made of. Not long after the knight, coming to the taylor's to take measure of his gown, perceiving the like cloth lying there, asked of the taylor whose it was. Quoth the taylor, it is John Drakes', the shoemaker, who will have it made of the self-same fashion that yours is made of! "Well," said the knight, "in good truce be it. I will have mine made as full of cuts as thy shears can make it." "It shall be done," said the taylor; whereupon, because the time drew near, he made haste to finish both their garments. John Drakes had no time to go to the taylor's till Christmas Day, for serving his customers, when he hoped to have worn his gown. Perceiving the same to be full of cuts, began to swear at the taylor, for the making his gown after that sort. "I have done nothing," quoth the taylor, "but that you bid me; for as Sir Philip Calthorp's is, even so I have made yours." "By my latchet," quoth John Drakes, "I will never wear gentlemen's fashions again."

A signal illustration of the cyclical character of fashion—of its tendency to repeat itself—is afforded by the expansive 'crinolines' which so excite the horror of Dr. Lankester, and stimulate the humorous fancy of John Leech. 'There is nothing new under the sun,' not even hoops! Pope speaks of 'the sevenfold fence'—

'Stiff with hoops, and armed with ribs of whale';

But our modern fair ones have im-

proved upon the devices of their fore-mothers and use light bands of steel, which are not only expansive but compressible. The extravagant amplitude in which the leaders of the mode indulged some few months ago was not, however, more offensive than the indecorous scantiness of attire affected by the beauties of the second George's reign, when the waist was pushed up to the very arm-pits, and tight, close-fitting habiliments revealed without improving the female figure. Fancy a damsel thus attired, with an old Oldenburg bonnet thrusting out its peak a foot or two before her, half-a-dozen patches upon her face, her hair powdered and frizzled, her shoes red, with enormously high heels; and to her, as the old play-books say, let there enter a 'buck' or 'macaroni,' in a coat of light green, with sleeves too small for the arms, and buttons too big for the sleeves, a pair of tight Manchester stiff breeches, clouded silk stockings, hair drawn back from the forehead, plastered, powdered, and pendant behind in a long queue, and the whole surmounted by a hat too small to cover one's head, and too large to put in one's pocket. You have then an *à-la-mode* Strephon and Chloris, fit to warble the melodies of Della Cruscan poets and languish over the inanities of the novels of the Minerva press.

The skirt and petticoat first became aggressive and exuberant in the reign of that imperious *arbitrator elegantiarum*, Queen Elizabeth, who appears to have thought it necessary, in her character of the Virgin Queen, to keep off the male sex by a *noli-me-tangere* fence of whalebone—the vardingale or farthingale of the old dramatic poets. It is worth while, perhaps, to endeavour to realize to ourselves a portrait of an Elizabethan belle. The hair then is either curled, frizzled, or crisped to a portentous height, and lest the wonderful work of art should topple, is supported with a fabric of wire, ornamented with curiously-wrought wreaths of gold or silver, while upon the top of the 'stately turret' stands a French hood, hat, or kerchief, probably of velvet. Our Amoret or Sacharissa has also a silk scarf cast

about her face, and fluttering in the wind, with lappets of gold or silver at each end, and when she rides abroad conceals her beauty from the curious gaze by a mask of velvet, with holes in it, whence the radiant eyes dart swift and sunny glances. A pocket looking-glass hangs at her side, and a fan is clasped in fingers loaded with precious stones; the fair soft wrists also gleaming with lambent pearl or flashing diamond, and golden rings falling from the delicate ears. Round the snowy neck protrudes an enormous four-fold ruff, of lawn, 'stiffened,' and made 'inflexible' with the new invention—starch, and, moreover, 'a certain device made of wires, crested for the purpose, and whipped all over either with gold thread, silver, or silk.' From the half-revealed bosom descends a long protracted stomacher, on each side of which horizontally projects the enormous whalebone farthingale. As for the gown—how shall the pen of a writer unlearned in the language of millinery describe it? Is it of silk, stiff as buckram? Of grogram or taffeta? Is it not overwhelmed with broad bands of lace, with sleeves low-trailing to the ground, and fluttering with love-knots of yellow ribbon? The petticoat is silken, and fringed about the skirts, and the stockings, at which we venture to permit ourselves a cursory glance, are of the newly-introduced kind patronized by her Majesty, of knitted silk,* and purchased, we dare be sworn, of Master Thomas Burdet, at the foot of London Bridge, opposite the church of St. Magnus. Lastly, the dainty foot of our ideal beauty is encased in pantoufles of yellow velvet, 'stitched with silk, and embroidered with gold and silver all over the foot, with other gewgaws innumerable.'

The farthingale continued popular throughout the reign of James I.; and a curious story is told of Lady Wych, who accompanied her husband, Sir Thomas Wych, on his embassy to the Grand Signor. The

* We suppose our imaginary belle to have flourished about 1580. Twenty years later William Lee, of St. John's College, Cambridge, invented the stocking-frame.

Sultana received her at a private interview. Lady Wych and her attendants all appeared in protuberant farthingales, whereat the astonished and loose-zoned Sultana inquired if that extension of the hips was the natural peculiarity of an English-woman's figure, and it cost Lady Wych no little trouble to unfold the mystery. In the troublous times of Charles I. the farthingale still maintained its pride of place,

'Now calls she for a boisterous fardingal ;'

but towards the close of the Protectorate it began to decrease in size and offensiveness. The ruffs also disappeared, and the hair fell in long curls upon the exposed shoulders. Free manners and loose morals necessitated loosely-flowing robes and ringlets floating to the breeze. With the more decorous habits of the court of William and Mary returned a more decorous style of dress. The white round arm was hidden in a tight sleeve, the bosom veiled by the intrusive stomacher, and the farthingale assumed something of its pristine rotundity. The gown and petticoat were so covered with flounce and furbelow that Addison compared a lady of fashion to 'one of those animals which in the country we call a Friesland hen.'

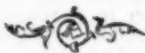
The hooped petticoat rose upon the startled town about 1711, and at once swelled out to an extraordinary amplitude of dimensions. Sir Roger de Coverley declares that 'the ladies now walk as if they were in a go-cart.' It maintained its size, but

sometimes changed its fashion, for several generations. In 1735 it projected all round, so that the figure seemed to rise above a semi-cone; ten years later it diminished in front but extended at the sides, and in 1760 it returned to the shape of the Elizabethan farthingale. It met with a formidable enemy, however, in George Prince Regent, and under his severe frowns sank speedily into nothingness, to be revived by the luxurious taste of the court of Eugénie of France.

Such have been some of the curiosities of fashion in the matter of dress. And here we pause in our enumeration, not from lack of material, for a goodly folio might easily be compiled on a subject of such infinite variety, but because we have reached the end of our tether. Our notes have been desultory, but not wholly valueless, if our lady readers shall learn from their suggestiveness the folly and bad taste of extremes, and, pondering upon the absurdities of their grandmothers (and themselves), take to heart the admirable counsel of rare Ben Jonson :—

'Still to be neat, still to be drest,
As you were going to a feast;
Still to be powder'd, still perfum'd :
Lady, it is to be presumed,
Though art's hid causes are not found,
All is not sweet, all is not sound.

'Give me a look, give me a face,
That makes simplicity a grace ;
Robes loosely flowing, hair as free :
Such sweet neglect more taketh me
Than all the adulteries of art :
They strike mine eyes, but not my heart.'



A PLEA FOR IDLE PEOPLE.

BY OUR LAZY CONTRIBUTOR.

IN times when controversial hair-splitting was more the fashion than it is now, it was a favourite subject of dispute amongst learned men whether when a man said 'I lie' there was the greater reason to suppose that he really did lie, or that he spoke the truth. If he lied, it was argued, then he spoke the truth, for that was what he said he did. Yet, again, if he spoke the truth, how could he lie? And so the sages spun their problem round and round, as squirrels spin their cages, without ever coming any nearer to a satisfactory conclusion.

A discussion almost as interesting, and quite as profitable, might be maintained on the question, whether a man who writes a 'Plea for Idle People' is himself, *ipso facto*, a lazy fellow. That he writes an essay at all is certainly an argument in favour of his industry; but that he writes in praise of laziness should have equal weight in the opposite scale. And so far as I am concerned I have only to adduce one fact for the consideration of the reader, and thereupon confidently leave my case to the candid judgment of all people competent to form one.

My fact is this: I began the present essay so long ago that certain lines with which it opened, descriptive of the season of the year at which it was written, are now so preposterously unseasonable that I could only expect the editor to publish them in case I should have the rare good fortune to catch him in a state of temporary aberration of mind.

I wrote of budding primroses and violets. I wrote that the crocus and snowdrop were *fading away*; that the daffodil had come 'before the swallow dared'; that the flowering currant-bushes were red; that the hedgerows were bursting into leaf; that the lambs were bleating; that I heard the cawing of the early rook; that it was 'a very fine day,

considering it was yet March.' And now when I have filled my allotted pages, the name of the month is one which I positively dare not mention. I am compelled either to reconstruct my essay, or let it wait till another spring arrives to fit it.

And although it must be evident enough from this circumstance that I am the writer preordained to treat upon this subject of laziness, I confess that even to me there is something sternly reproachful in this silent, eternal round of the seasons. When I consider how the unwearied earth (which we call soulless) still performs its works of good, I seem almost to hear it asking, 'How is it that you mortals (who flatter yourselves that you are not soulless) do not more closely copy your great mother? How is it that you also are not ever prompt and ready for your tasks again, after your allotted seasons of rest? Do I ever miss a year? Do I ever make excuses? Do I ever postpone the potatoes because "suffering from severe cold?" Whilst you, how prone you are to shirking; how you magnify your headaches; how inopportunistly you sprain your ankles when you ought to make some not very agreeable journey; how singularly your rheumatisms develop towards church-time; how, if you have a restless hour or two in the night, you declare you have "never slept a wink:" in short, how you play the old soldier, nearly every man of you, if you would only own it.'

Instead, however, of pursuing these reflections, or attempting to repel these accusations, I confess that I am absolutely void of excuse for keeping this paper so long in hand, as, after all, it is only a report of conversation, and of what rose out of it months ago.

How I came to write of laziness at all, instead of merely practising it, was thus:—

On an afternoon in early summer I

was reading aloud one of the most exquisite essays of 'Friends in Council' to my cousins Frank and Aleck, who were staying with me then, when, to my considerable irritation, Frank interrupted me by asking, 'Don't you find it a great bore?'

'A bore!' I replied. 'How?'

'I mean, don't you find it a bore to read such essays as that, and contrast them with your own immortal productions?'

We laughed; and when I had finished the essay, we began talking about some passage in it in praise of steady industry, and by-and-by we found that, starting from earnest talk of this nature, our conversation had veered round, as conversation strangely does drift and veer, until we had got to gossip and badinage of a very opposite kind.

Said Frank, 'We will resolve ourselves into a committee of "Friends in Council," and the subject on which we will hold council shall be "The Advantages of Laziness." Our friend Fainéant there' (it was I whom he had dubbed Fainéant) 'shall report our conversation, and to-morrow evening he shall be bound to produce an essay on the subject, under penalty of listening to one which I have a great mind to produce myself in case he fails.'

Egomét. When a man says he has 'a great mind' to do a thing, I generally understand him to mean that his 'great mind' is still more set on leaving it alone; so there is not much chance, I think, of our hearing Frank's essay.

We had strolled out of the house, and seated ourselves on one of the lock-gates of a canal which flows near. A boat, drawn by two donkeys, laden with salt from Droitwich, had just come up, and was passing through the lock.

Aleck. I have been reading in old Camden this very morning about Droitwich. He says the Romans called it Salina. Two of their great roads—the one running from the sea-coast of Lincolnshire, the other from that of Hampshire—met there, and were known through all their courses, the first as the Upper

Salt Way, and the other as the Second Salt Way. What an indication of the importance of the place, that two imperial roads should be known only as ways to the town from whence the salt came! I wonder how many millions of tons of the condiment have come from the same place between then and now.

Frank (to boatman). Where are you going with the salt?

Boatman. To London.

Frank. And how long does it take you to go from Droitwich to London?

Boatman. About eight days. Gee, then! (And off he went.)

Frank. I declare I find something positively refreshing in that. To think that in these days of high pressure and mad tearing-about, here is actually a conveyance into which I can step, and which, though scarcely ever stopping, save for a few hours' rest at night, will be a full week in carrying me out of Warwickshire into London. And the donkeys go through with him, I suppose?

Egomét. Ay! they would find their way there and back without him.

Frank. Now, Aleck—you know everything—why is it that they use two donkeys instead of one horse?

Aleck. I don't know quite everything, though I confess I do very nearly. The two principal things of which I am unfortunately ignorant happen to be crochet and the philosophy of boating by donkeys.

Egomét. Then I will explain. Two donkeys are found better and cheaper than one horse, because not only do they do more work, but

* I looked at the 'Britannia' when we went in again, and find Camden is of opinion that the whole county of Worcester, with its inhabitants (called anciently the Wiccii), took its name from these salt springs of Wich, or Droitwich:—

'If I should say,' he writes, 'that Richard de la Wich, bishop of Chichester, who was born here, did by his prayers obtain these salt springs, I am afraid some would censure me as very injurious to the Divine Providence, and over-credulous of old wives' fables.'

I am afraid so too, Mr. Camden.

they live a great deal by their wits.

Frank. Ah! I see. Poor Jack yonder, I have no doubt, has a personal and critical knowledge of every thistle between here and London; knows exactly which he would like best, and which there is the most chance of his getting. I vow that the first fortnight I have to spare I will make this voyage with Jack, and help him to a few of the choicest.

Egomet. I warn you, however, that at present you will find the passenger-traffic on canals to be about at its minimum. I saw, not long ago, an extract from an old number of the 'Times,' congratulating the nation that by means of the canals then recently completed, troops had been, and could be, conveyed, in cases of emergency, by relays of boat-horses, from Paddington to the Mersey in (I think it said) about five days; and now, I suppose, the War Department would expect the distance to be accomplished in about five hours.

Aleck. What a tear and wear it is! What a contrast to the peaceful gliding of yonder boat that is just passing out of sight!

Frank. Now, Solomon, here's another problem for you. If Horace's rustic (of whom you may have read in the Latin grammar), sitting by the rapid river, waiting for it all to pass, had a prospect of remaining in session so long, how long would he have had to wait here on a similar business?

Aleck. Seeing that a canal does not flow at all, I suspect that even that dulllest of all dullards, as (saving your presence) I think he surely must have been, would have found himself unequal to the duty, unless you had joined him in the sederunt.

Egomet. I beg your pardon, but your wisdom is at fault again. Theoretically, of course, a canal does not flow, or there would soon be an end of it; but practically no lock-gate is absolutely water-tight, and if only a pint goes through, the whole body of water behind must come forward to replace it; in proof of which, you cork, on which I have had my eye ever since we came, is

now, I calculate, a full inch nearer than when we took our seats.

Aleck. Oh, well, then, I don't mind waiting if you have plenty of cigars.

Egomet. But I do, as we have no drags at hand, and Frank is rolling about on that gate in a way that is positively dangerous.

Frank (hauling up a bootful of water, one leg having gone in up to the knee). That will do for me. I have had enough. Let us go into a land of dry stockings.

Accordingly we went home again, and Frank having been made comfortable about the feet, went back to his absurd idea of making me write an essay for the next night.

'You must let us know,' said he, 'under what circumstances you think laziness most enjoyable — when a man has little or nothing to do, or when he is neglecting his work.'

Aleck. To be lazy when there is little or nothing to do is a mistake: there is nothing adds so much to the luxury of it as the fact that there is a good deal of work waiting for you. To be lazy when your desk is up-heaped with letters that want answering, when there are fifty jobs in fifty places soliciting your attention, then is the time.

Frank. You must not forget also to keep up a good distinction between rest and laziness, between mere fatigue and the disinclination to fatigue one's self. Rest, of course, involves precedent labour. A man who never works (if there be such a man), never rests. Rest, in fact, to the worker is one of the great necessities of existence, while laziness is only one of its great luxuries.

And so at last, after a little more banter, I was induced to promise and to write the following production, which I brought in on the following night, and which they dignified with the name of 'Essay.' Beginning it as a joke, I found before I had written long that I had changed from jest to earnest, and I ended it abruptly for fear of being coughed down by my audience:—

* * * * *

'There is a proverb about two men, one of whom tried to get milk from a he-goat while the other held a sieve to catch it. When one looks back at one's past labours much of our industry seems to have been directed about as profitably as that of these honest but injudicious fellows. To yourselves, in the pains you have been at to get this essay, the application of the proverb is palpable enough. I wish my own trouble in writing it may prove to have been any better spent than yours.

'I imagine that you have set me to sing the praises of laziness as being the most tantalizing labour to which one idle man could put another. I imagine too that you have been incited to this cruel thing by remembrance of the Lucretian maxim, '*Suave mari magno*;' but let me solemnly remind you that however you may indulge in self-congratulation at sight of a brother floundering in the ocean of dullness, my pitiable case ought to be felt as a practical reproach of your own inertness, and to serve as a painful memento of what you may yourselves come to on the morrow. In any case view my troubles with respect and pity. The sight of a great man struggling in adversity has been in all ages an object of admiration to gods and men.'

'Hear, hear!' from Frank.

'You charged me last night to tell you under what circumstances the idle mood was most delightful. I pronounce no opinion. Sweet as it is at all times, how could I say at what particular time it is sweetest? I only think that whenever it is most improper it is then that we seem most prone to it; and in this we seem to be kept in countenance by the very greatest and oldest examples. You remember that the ancient poets, however much they make the deities of Olympus delight to show their power over the affairs of men, always make them still less forgetful of the delight of *doing nothing*. They never "lie beside their nectar," up in their wonderful cloud-land, with half so much enjoyment as when their interference is most wanted on earth. There as

they lie, there are armies in conflict down below; there are lands famine-stricken; cities swallowed up by earthquakes; there are murder and robbery; there are shrieks, and prayers, and curses: Jove's interposition and attention is wanted by mortals in a thousand ways at once. No matter. *Dolens far niente*,

"In feasts everlasting,
Around the gold tables,
Still dwell the immortals."

Speaking, however, for myself only, and not at all for the immortals, I find scarcely any of the joys of laziness so great as that of leaving the imagination to its play in the employment known as "castle-building." To me as a man given to scribbling I find that my lazy days are in this way, above all others, my grand days for finishing old essays, dashing off new ones, writing books far above the dignity of essay, and for reading all the books "without which no gentleman's library is complete." With writing-desk at a safe distance I resolve at such times that I will at once write my essays upon "Things generally known" and "Things not worth knowing;" that I will lay down the laws of the "Whole Art of Plagiarism;" that I will write a book to accompany my title-page of the "Lives of the Principal Gold Sticks-in-Waiting;" that I will complete my tragedies of "Boadicea" and "Oliver Cromwell;" in short, that I will blockade all the London theatres with plays, all the editors with essays, and Paternoster Row with cart-loads of manuscripts.

'As for reading, it is astounding with what facility I dispose of an entire library when in a properly sanguine mood, and the volumes are conveniently out of reach. I have read this very afternoon the whole of the historical works of Dr. Robertson, the whole of Sir Archibald Alison's ditto, Sir Walter Scott's "Life of Napoleon," the works of Flavius Josephus (that learned Jew), an entire set of the old English Dramatists, Adam Smith's "Wealth of Nations," Locke on the "Human Understanding," Bacon's "Novum Organon," Milton's prose writings—I don't know what be-

side; and I assure you I have found them very nice, light reading, and am not in the least fatigued.

As to the extent of paving which I have furnished, at the same time, to a place we know of, I fear it might probably be put down as enough for a considerable street; for I have to confess that this delight of castle-building is not without its drawbacks. When I revert to the past, and survey old labours really undergone, and old tasks really accomplished, I am bound to say that they do not bear comparison with these facile performances which I have just chronicled. All the glory vanishes as rudely as that vision of Alnaschar's in the "Arabian Nights:" he did but touch the basket with his foot, but gone was the grand vizier's daughter, gone the troop of bowing slaves, gone the wonderful wealth—there was nothing remaining but a litter of broken glass, and a poor dreaming fool staring at it. So I but glance at the stern realities of the present, but touch for an instant the poor performances of the past, and all these wonderful new writings of mine have faded away; all these wonderful readings are forgotten: there is nothing left but poor fragments of unfinished essays, poor broken memories of half-read books, poor shards of vows that are unfulfilled, poor traces of studies carried to no end, poor smatterings of knowledge that is but ignorance disguised—a poor thriftless Alnaschar, with his fame yet to earn, and his vizier's daughter yet to win.

Turning, however, from these dreams unrealized, I try to find some consolation in thinking that perhaps the tasks which are undone are after all not worth doing. How much of what we really have done seems in the retrospect unprofitable! Perhaps these things would be so too. How much that we have succeeded in attaining has disappointed our expectations! How much of rubbish we have been obliged to take with all of good! How much that we learned with toil and pain has been of no use! In the drudgery of learning languages, for instance, how we torture

our brains and memories for weary hours and weeks and months to gain knowledge which is at last only means to an end. A man ought to find in Greek and Latin literature a great deal of delight to repay him for what he has passed through in mastering *hic, hæc, hoc*, and *ô, î, û, ç, è, é*, declensions, conjugations, moods, tenses, first and second aorists. What a quantity of surplusage we have to take with what we really want! When I buy a bread-loaf I should think it hard to have always to take and pay for a peck of bran along with it; yet I have at different times and with infinite pains been compelled to learn, in at least three continental languages, how to ask a man such questions as "Do you want a velvet coat?" "Have you hurt your shoulder?" "Do you take care of your grandmother?" "Do you require any buttons?" with the corresponding answers, "I do, or I do not want a velvet coat," "I have, or I have not hurt my shoulder," &c. &c. Now it is years since I learned those questions, and I have never yet met with a man whom I had any reasonable ground for supposing to be in want of a velvet coat, or to have hurt his shoulder, or to be neglecting his grandmother, or to be short of buttons. I begin to think that to the end of my days I may remain charged with those inquiries, and never get them let off in any language whatever. I have learned, it is true, to read a little of Molière, and Cervantes, and Dante, but I should like to have an opportunity of asking these and a thousand more such questions with which I was loaded, and so be once for all well rid of them.

'And if we come to labour that we call more peculiarly our own—labour of production instead of labour of acquirement—if we look at the work of our own hands, or the fruit of our own brains, what is there of it all that satisfies us? No one knows so well as we know the defects of our own workmanship. No one knows so well as the cabinet-maker how imperfectly dove-tailed are those fittings. No

one knows so well as the smith that he could not get his fire to the proper heat, and that such and such a welding is likely to be heard of again unpleasantly. The most captious member of the congregation does not see so well as the clergyman the defects and poverty of the sermon. The hardest critic is perhaps not so dissatisfied with the poem as the poet himself. No reader sees so well as the essayist the flaws in his arguments, or knows how painfully he has tried to mend them. No one is so contemptuous of "drollery," or sees its dreariness so clearly, as the writer who has committed it to print comes, it may be himself, to see it by-and-by. The most stuck-up young gentleman at the pantomime probably has not so poor an opinion of the tricks of clown and harlequin as that which these poor people entertain themselves.

'So it is for the most part that, when we look into the past, the retrospect is not always a cheerful one, and that we find too often that neither toil of head nor hands that we have undergone is cause of unmixed satisfaction to us, if, indeed, of any satisfaction at all.

'It is an old subject of argument—the comparative advantages of an active life and a contemplative one. Let them discuss it again who choose; I do not enter on it. But it is very significant; how much of the highest praise we mortals give to each other is of a negative kind. We say of him who acquits himself best,—“He lives a blameless life.” It is by no means necessary that great deeds should be done in order to reach the springs of our gratitude and love. So prone are we all to do that which is evil, that when we see those who are intrusted with great power, simply abstain from doing the wrong they might do, then we say that even in this their not doing, they have nobly done. When we look back into history, how often do we find that those kings whose memories have been most dearly cherished, are those that occupy the least space in their country's annals! Not for the great things they did, but for the evil they did not do, were

they thus beloved. Well for a king if he go down to posterity with no worse a nickname than “Fainéant.”

'God save your Majesty,' said Frank.

“What profit,” asks the preacher, who was king also—“what profit hath a man of all his labour that he taketh under the sun?”

'And again and again he returns to this text, “What hath man of all his labour and of the vexation of his heart wherein he hath laboured under the sun?”

“I looked on all the works that my hands had wrought, and on the labour that I had laboured to do, and behold all was vanity and vexation of spirit.”

“All the rivers run into the sea, yet the sea is not full; unto the place from whence the rivers come, thither they return again.”

“All things are full of labour.”

“In much wisdom is much grief, and he that increaseth knowledge increaseth sorrow.”

“I have seen all the works that are done under the sun and behold all is vanity.”

“There is nothing better for a man than that he should eat and drink, and that he should make his soul enjoy good.”

'Similarly in this book of “Ecclesiastes,” as in the “Proverbs,” as in the apocryphal “Wisdom of Solomon,” (which, whoever wrote it, is worthy of the name it bears,) you see always that the writer was one who “looked before and after,” was not one-sided but many-sided, and that they who have been accounted wisest are they who have come to the fewest decisions. The key-note of “Ecclesiastes” lies in this deep inner conviction of the unprofitableness of worldly labour. Again and again the writer strives to overcome his despondency—to change the key for a nobler one. Yet he never succeeds for long together. However higher the notes that he strikes sometimes, he lapses back again, as it were unconsciously, to his wailings; and when at last he says, abruptly, “Let us hear the conclusion of the whole matter,” we feel that the conclusion he puts before us is not the one that he has worked

up to, not the conclusion that is most in the spirit of his book, but only that which he wishes to inculcate in spite of all that in the glimmering light has seemed to him to be against it. It is faith surviving even in doubt and through doubt. It is another illustration of this truth, but little comprehended:

"There lives more faith in honest doubt,
Believe me, than in half the creeds."

It is he whom we call the wisest of men admitting at last the powerlessness of his reason, and stretching out "lame hands of faith" to grasp the hope to which he clings.

'And now, as I find I have myself changed my key—have somehow assumed a graver tone than that which I intended to adopt in this idle trifle—as I find myself, instead of boasting of laziness and extolling it, begin to apologize and find subtle excuses for it,—and as I did not and do not mean to sermonize, it is time for me to get back to these lower regions I have left, and make an end.

'Those graver thoughts have led me, as the more earnest of my thoughts so often do lead me, to Tennyson, and so I am reminded that I might have brought him, too, into that comparison I have just been making. The song of the "Lotos-Eaters" and their protest against the toil of "ever climbing up the climbing wave," what is it again but the protest of Solomon?—a song, indeed, as old as human nature and human speech—a song that we all sing untaught, though never till now in words so melodious. Surely I was right at first in making light of my laziness, and am wrong now in seeming to apologise for it.'

Frank. Well, it is fortunate we did not expect much, for assuredly we have not got it. But surely you might have had a word for poor Thomson, the apostle of laziness, the builder of this 'Castle of Indolence.' (He reached down the book as he spoke.) Here is a sentiment for you:—

'The best of men have ever loved repose;
They hate to mingle in the filthy fray.'

'But if,' he adds,—

'But if a little exercise you choose,
Some zest for ease, 'tis not forbidden here.'

Mark the nice conditions on which exercise may be taken. It is 'not forbidden,' provided it be taken with a view to adding zest to subsequent laziness. And Thomson, we are told, took his 'little exercise' in the way of nibbling peaches as they grew on the tree while he kept both hands in his pockets. I dare say he wrote this book, if the truth were known, in bed, at hours after mid-day. What a poem might have been spoilt had he had any misgivings on the score of laziness! There was your man for an essay!

Aleck. I think, too, you might have wound up with that old story of Lamb going late to the office, though, of course, we all know it.

Frank. Of course we do.

Egomel. Of course we do.

Aleck. Never mind. I choose to tell it again. Lamb had gone very late to the office one morning, as, indeed, he often did. The chief clerk said, with dignity, 'Mr. Lamb, you really are much behind time this morning, and I notice that you come late habitually.' And Lamb pleaded, as a set off, that if he came late in the morning, it must be admitted that he always went away in good time in an afternoon.

This anecdote must be the delight of lazy people for ever. And your excuse for your essay must be of a similar nature to Lamb's. You took up the writing of it late and reluctant. You did not seem much to like it while you read it. But at any rate you did not make a long business of it. You have soon got through it, and now you can leave it, or put it in the fire.

Frank. And this is your parody of 'Friends in Council.' *Eheu, quantum mutatus ab illo.*

Egomel. *Eheu quantum mutatus, indeed.*

And so ended our 'Reading, and discourse thereon.'

OUR GRAND ARCHERY CONTEST.

OFTEN have I wished that I had the flowing pen and the nimble fingers of the ready writer, in order that I might either sing in heroic verse, after the manner of the old ballad-maker Homer, or relate in sober prose the mighty deeds accomplished by the strong right arms and the sure aim of our county Archery Society.

Vainly have I waited month after month, hoping to see some stirring lines anent this subject in the pages of 'London Society,' signed with the initials E. V., standing for 'Ethel Vere,' the young lady of our club who owns to writing poetry in the left-hand corner of the first column of the second page of our voluminous county paper, which corner is exclusively set apart by the enterprising editor to the contributions of 'Flora,' 'Nympha,' 'Ada,' 'Alphonso,' 'Lothario,' 'Byronian,' and other aspirants to literary fame. In despair I have turned over the pages of the celebrated serial before mentioned in hopes of having my eyes greeted by a graphic account of our doings from the pen of my friend the Rev. Tychicus Chasubel, our High Church and rather sporting curate, who, it is known, contributes, on the quiet, articles to the magazines, and who also bets divers pairs of gloves on the Derby, to the great scandal of some of his weaker brethren, or rather sisters, in the shape of some antiquated spinsters of his flock, of a truly serious turn of mind. In despair, I say, I have looked for this worthy's contribution, telling of our noble struggle, and gallant victory; but still has my cry been, 'Where, and oh where?' As nobody, then, has been found to undertake this task, I am compelled, rather than that the deeds of my county men and women should be lost in obscurity and neglect, to sit down and record the pros and cons, the ins and outs, the ups and downs, the hits and misses, golds, reds, blues, blacks, whites, and even greens, in the shape of arrows in the grass of our great archery contest.

Our county is, or rather was, up to the time when it entered into the rather stuck-up, majestic, and empty head of one of our county magnates, the Lady Fanny Fantail, to establish our archery club, what might be termed, without any violent deviation from the truth, rather slow. True, we had the usual amount of dinner-parties, at which everything was cold (even the guests) but the ices; and for which you had to leave your own snug fireside on a winter's night, and drive ten miles to dine off badly-cooked and indigestible viands, with people you cared nothing about, and at whom you grumbled and growled like a bear with a sore head; and all this for the sake of society. There were, too, the county, hunt, and dispensary balls, at which you had the extreme felicity of seeing and even breathing the same atmosphere as the aristocracy of the county, who showed themselves then to their more democratic neighbours, and made full amends for such an unwonted piece of condescension by snubbing them well on every other occasion of meeting throughout the year. But spite of all this mild dissipation, spite of its being so highly respectable that the breath of scandal hardly ever stirred a human leaf amongst us, our county had the character of being rather triste. What, however, was still worse than this was that our young gentlemen, spite of the brilliant eyes and bright tresses of our belles, were somewhat backward in coming forward.

Well, then, such was the state of affairs with us, when it entered the august head of the Lady Fanny Fantail to get up (I believe that is the correct term) that archery society which has since so highly distinguished itself.

Doubtless the Lady Fanny, having several marriageable daughters, had groaned in secret over the Volunteer Movement, as stirring up so much patriotic ardour in the breasts of Young England that their minds,

filled with the idea of how 'dulce' and 'decorum' it was to 'mori' for their country, could contain at one and the same time no other sentiment. Doubtless, I say, her ladyship had grieved in private over this idiosyncrasy of England's youth until she at length hit upon the notable scheme of our Archery Society as a counter-irritant against this (to her) horrid military fever.

But be that as it may, suffice it to say the club was formed; and as the great ones of our county were not sufficiently numerous to furnish members enough to carry on the affair with spirit, we of the squirearchy were permitted to enrol our names amongst those of our more august neighbours. The worthy bishop of the diocese in which our county is situated has not set his episcopal countenance, like a distinguished brother on the bench, against either beards or barley; therefore cricket, archery, and such-like amusements are open to the clergy: consequently, many of the clerical body, who, as a rule, are invariably to be found where ladies do love to congregate, quickly joined a project which promised so much mild excitement and amusement, without any risk of there being anything objectionable even to the most fastidious of their people. My own impression is that the Right Reverend the Lord Bishop of Plumpsee himself was in his own episcopal person a secret member of our society, but I cannot call to mind having seen his name in the list of our club; certainly his wife, Mrs. Pompous, was one, and we had an archery meeting at his lordship's residence, Rockminster Castle, and a very pleasant one it was.

But I am wandering from my subject. Our society having been formed under the auspices of the Lady Fanny Fantail, we all began to practise in the most praiseworthy and enthusiastic manner. Well do I remember my own first and futile attempts: how I commenced by holding my bow to my chest, and its string in the air; how I then reversed the order of things; and finally, on being told my position was not that which the ancient

manuscripts give as the one adopted by either Walter Tyrrel or Robin Hood, I ended by driving my arrow deep into my toe, and by this accident laid myself up for a fortnight, during which time my companions stole a march upon me, and obtained a considerable start in proficiency in the noble science of archery. Sad indeed were the tales each one had to tell when I again joined their ranks to practise with the long-bow. Poor Johnson, whom nature had provided with a very long organ of smell, would never get that (to him) unruly member out of the way of the bowstring in his efforts to adopt the style recommended by Strutt in his 'Book of Sportes' as the correct one; the consequences being that he ended by nearly taking two inches from his obtrusive proboscis upon the recoil of the string. Thompson, who was nearsighted, and wore spectacles, had shot Farmer Jones's fat pig, which was feeding in an adjacent field, at least three hundred yards from the target, for which inaccuracy of aim and vision he had to pay five pounds of the current coin of the realm; whilst Miss Primrose had nearly slain the gallant Captain Crasher—her arrow, after passing through his bran new and glossy beaver, pinned itself in a most ignominious manner to a neighbouring haystack. Rome, however, was not built in a day; no more is archery (save by that wonderful little urchin, Dan Cupid) to be learnt in four-and-twenty hours. Notwithstanding that mishaps and misadventures of various sorts attended our efforts to excel in 'ye fine old English pastime of ye longe bowe,' we at length began to exhibit, as we thought, a more than usual degree of proficiency in the art; and success in our case begetting conceit, and ambition following in its train, we sought about to find another club amongst the neighbouring counties, whose skill in the use of the ancient weapon might render it honourable for us to challenge them to a friendly contest.

The county of Heavylandshire, famous for its cows and its cider, is alike celebrated for the skill of the

members of its archery society. To these gallant toxophilites did we of the Blankshire Club then direct our attention; and in a solemn conclave of our members held at the 'Beans and Bacon Hotel' in our county town, it was unanimously agreed upon that we should send a challenge to our cow-breeding, cider-growing neighbours, to try the skill of our respective clubs with the long-bow and yard-arm shaft. Nothing could be more honourable to them as archers, more hospitable and polite as neighbours, than the prompt reception on the part of the Heavylandshire Club of our cartel to do battle for the glory of our respective counties. Not only was our challenge accepted, but an intimation was at the same time given by a leading member of the Heavylandshire Club that we should be expected to fight for the palm of victory not on our own native soil, but amidst the foreign orchards and pastures of Heavylandshire.

And thus came about the celebrated archery contest I am about to endeavour to describe.

Bright shone the sun, dancing its sparkling rays on the beautiful river Y—, as I looked from my bedroom window on the morning which ushered in the auspicious day of our great match. As I passed the keen-edged razor over the down upon my chin, which I mistook for a beard, I felt a degree of tremor seize my right hand, and a slight nervousness pervade my whole system, at the thoughts of the momentous events the next four-and-twenty hours might produce upon the hitherto unsullied glories of my native county, and also perhaps on the destiny of my own unworthy self; for, as a very tolerable toxophilite, I had been selected one of the twelve chosen gentlemen who, with a like number of the opposite sex, were with our strong arms and quick eyes 'to clap them in the clout at twelve score, and to carry a fore-hand shaft, a fourteen, and a fourteen and a half that would do a man's heart good to see'—that is, to prove our skill by obtaining a great number of golds, reds, and blues, for the honour of Blankshire. But

perhaps it was more the thoughts that the fair Geraldine Carrington would not only be on the ground to witness my prowess, but also actually engaged amidst the Heavylandshire ranks against me, that caused my razor to slip and inflict that minute gash upon my upper lip, which rendered it necessary for me to show that I did use razors by wearing a piece of sticking-plaster during the whole of the succeeding day. An evening spent in the fascinating society of the fair object of my devotion—for we were guests in the hospitable mansion of one of the Heavylandshire magnates, upon whose lawn the great match was to be shot—finished by a late sitting up with cigars and pool in the billiard-room of our worthy entertainer, was not a preparation much calculated to produce the steady aim and accuracy of vision which we were told was requisite to insure victory to our arms. But thanks to youth and a good constitution, the state of my nerves was sufficiently satisfactory by the time I descended to the breakfast-room, and had slipped into an unoccupied seat by the side of my enslaver, to cause me to be so occupied by my meal as to prevent my seeing the angry scowl and sullen looks of a clerical-looking young man, who soon after followed me into the room, or the conscious blush of half-annoyance and pleasure which mantled the cheek of the lovely Geraldine. A cigar and a stroll through the beautiful grounds of Standing Park, the mansion in which our party were domiciled, passed away the time until the hour arrived for the contest to begin. Plenty of time was afforded ere the exciting moment arrived when the bugles should summon us to arms, to give me an opportunity of describing the notables amongst the company who honoured our combat with their presence, and who now, one after the other, kept driving up under the noble portico of the mansion. The yellow chariot and four horses, with that raw-boned, hard-visaged little old dowager, sitting all alone, bolt upright, in the very middle of the back seat, as though John Thomas,

the tall footman in the rumble, had arranged her ladyship there by nothing less than a mathematical problem, is the property of the Lady Elizabeth Rent-roll, the ancient dame who occupies it, once the penniless daughter of a Scottish duke with a 'lang pedigree,' now the rich widow of an extremely silly, weak-minded English country gentleman, who, dying some years ago, left his wife a magnificent fortune for her life, which the old lady, with true Scotch caninness, knows well how to take care of, and lay up for her north-country relatives. Directly in her wake, drawn by four more horses glistening in silver-mounted harness, is a dark-green coach, bearing a coroneted lozenge upon the panels, wherein is seated another ancient dame, like her predecessor, right in the middle of the back seat of her capacious vehicle. She is the widow of an English peer lately deceased, and although staying as the guest of the Lady Elizabeth, at Rent-roll Park, prefers the lonely state and dignity of her own carriage to the society and companionship of her friend. Some hour or more after, just when the archery is about to begin, will arrive a somewhat antiquated, and rather shabby-looking vehicle, filled inside and out to overflowing with passengers, and drawn by a pair of (wretched) post-horses; from this will descend a bevy of blooming damsels, arrayed in white muslins, rather tumbled on account of the close packing: these are the Misses Green, pretty, unaffected daughters of a country clergyman in our county, who, though also the guests of the owner of Rent-roll Park, are thus obliged to pack closely, as neither Lady Elizabeth nor the peer's widow, consistently with their dignity, could find room for even the smallest amongst them in their stately carriages.

The next arrival is the lord-lieutenant, a young Whig nobleman remarkable for nothing but an historical name and a taste for gambling. Hardly has the neat carriage of the Custos Rotulorum driven from the door before it is succeeded by the extremely smart, new, and vulgar-looking turn-out

of the high-sheriff, Mr. Baggs, of Buselbury Hall, a retired miller, whose large fortune has been founded upon meal, and built up with bills and discount. Both he and his wife, that outrageously smartly-dressed lady, wish that he could always hold office, and for ever rank next to the lord-lieutenant.

Next comes our friend Mrs. Pom-pous, wife of the Lord Bishop of Plumpsee, a washed-out, faded-looking individual of slightly aristocratic birth, whose silly mind has hardly yet got over the disappointment that her episcopal spouse was not elevated at the last vacancy to the archiepiscopal see of York, her anxiety for him to attain to that dignity being very intense, for no other reason than because she understood he would always be compelled to drive four horses, which prudence now forbade; for as she told her intimate acquaintances, 'I do so adore four horses!'

The Chairman of the Heavylandshire Quarter Sessions is the next who turns up, a tall thin man, with a sharp nose like a raven's bill; his likeness to that knowing bird being still further enhanced by a habit he has of always keeping his head on one side and peeping up into your face.

The Dean of Rockminster, a stout, plethoric-looking divine, fond of dry sherry and good cheer, next flashes upon our gaze in all the odour not of sanctity altogether, but of a new silk apron and diamond buckles on his knees and toes, for he is a fresh appointment, and reputed to be very rich.

But the chief of the company are now assembled, and the band commencing with a flourish of trumpets, we are called to the targets, twelve ladies and as many gentlemen on each side, to contend for the honour of Heavyland and Blankshires. What male pen, I would ask, shall dare to attempt a description of the toilets of the fair daughters of the rival counties, who in all the splendour of full archery costume look like a parterre of green, gold, and white flowers as they stand on the well-shaven lawn? If the truth must be told, the costume

of our Blankshire Archery Club—white saucer-shaped straw hats decorated with green ribbon and wreaths of hops, dark watered-silk tight-fitting short jackets, and white muslin dresses—is not a style of adornment that becomes every figure and face. Surely it is a rather trying contrast to the very auburn ringlets and red face of Miss Goldsworthy, our rich banker's daughter. Nor does it much better become the short figure, rather inclined to *en-bonpoint*, and iron-gray hair of Miss Dumppling, who, though sole owner of Puddingbury Hall and five thousand a year, is not quite so young as she used to be. Neither, to my taste, are the chimney-pot shaped straw hats trimmed with bright-green ribbon and apple-blossoms, tight long-skirted, light-green jackets turned up with white, less trying to the ladies of Heavylandshire who are obliged to wear them. But who can suit all tastes and all styles of female loveliness? Surely if the Lady Gertrude Auriol, the beautiful daughter of our great magnate the Earl of Dapplegrey (the deviser of our costume), looks ravishing in it, what more can any one want or expect? The gentlemen of the respective clubs are dressed in gray, black, green, or blue, as suits their several tastes and fancies. And now Miss Sharpeye, the championess of our club, takes her stand in front of the target and prepares to open proceedings. Every gaze is directed upon her as she carefully adjusts her arrow in the string, and then raising her bow until she has attained the required elevation, draws the string gracefully to her ear and lets go the shaft. The welcome flop of the missile as it strikes the mark proclaims the match fairly begun, and the first hit is registered for Blankshire. 'A gold! a gold!' all voices exclaim, and a flourish of trumpets proclaims the event. A red follows, and then a grass, which makes Miss Sharpeye look cross and angry, as is her wont; and the first three of our championship arrows are shot. A tall cavalier, long, lathy, and thin, who shoots, as he does everything else, in a quick and decided manner, succeeds Miss

Sharpeye in front of the target. Soon are his arrows disposed of, and with unerring aim find their destination very nearly in the centre of the mark. This is the champion of our club, and his performance is narrowly watched on both sides accordingly. All sorts and styles of shooting now follow in rapid succession. The Rev. Mr. Punchey, whose rather stout development would, one might have supposed, interfere with the string of his bow, nevertheless acquits himself like a man. Miss Marian Spiteful, whose appearance certainly does not resemble the accounts handed down to us of her namesake the lovely Maid Marian of historic notoriety, seems somewhat embarrassed by her corkscrewy ringlets, which have a knack of perpetually getting into her way, and doubtless prevented her from getting that gold, which before stepping up to the target she told me she invariably obtained at every end when practising. After Miss Spiteful comes Mr. Mauler, who will take off his hat to shoot, and always leaves it under the target as a mark for any evil-disposed person to aim at when we cross over to the opposite side; he makes an unsuccessful *début*, and retires precipitately, stamping his feet and muttering something, I fear naughtily, between his teeth. The gallant Master of our Hounds, who is more at home in the pigskin and in the hunting field than before a target and on an archery-ground, essays to prove a gigantic yew bow, which he pulls with such tremendous force, and with so high an elevation, that he sends his arrow far, far away over the mansion, over hill and dale, until it at last finds a resting-place in the river, to the no small astonishment of any salmon or trout which may chance to be feeding near where it alights. Lovely Lady Gertrude Auriol sends an arrow right between the fat, silk-bound calves of the Dean of Rockminster, as his Very Reverence is sauntering slowly along some distance from the targets, doing a little bit of mild gossip with the Lady Fanny Fan-tail. So glaring an outrage on such a dignitary makes the dean jump

and caper not a little, and causes his naturally rather red face to assume a still deeper hue about the region of his shirt-collar. But everybody laughs, even the severe-looking Lady Elizabeth Rentroll, who is dignity itself; so the reverend doctor is obliged to 'grin and abide,' though I fear in his heart he bears an unchristian resentment towards the beautiful cause of all this excitement at his expense. And so the hours quickly speed along until the band strikes up 'The Roast Beef of Old England,' summoning us to dinner to the melody of that good old tune. Bows and arrows are laid aside for knives and forks, and the good things provided by the hospitality of our host quickly disappear, not forgetting a large dish of the archer's fare, viz., beans and bacon. Then follow, as the newspapers have it, the usual loyal and patriotic toasts. Our host gives the Queen and the rest of the Royal Family. The lord-lieutenant gives the host and hostess, and many thanks for their kind hospitality. Our host, good worthy man, who now gets very red in the face, and splutters and stammers a good deal, replies in feeble tones, of which the following words only penetrate into my part of the tent: 'Much obliged '—'glad to see you all '—'hopes to do so next time '—'I mean again '—'no, on another occasion '—and so on for some ten minutes, until at last he sits down, pulled, probably, by the tails of his coat by Mrs. Host; this being a hint to cut short his oration, she, with true woman's tact, having seen the impatience of the more enthusiastic archers to be at work again. No sooner, however, is Mr. Host fairly seated once more in his chair than up jumps a sharp-looking, long-nosed little baronet, one of our county Members, who, having a tolerable gift of being able to say a good deal out of nothing, launches first into a history of archery from the time of the mighty hunter Nimrod up to the present day, and winds up his speech by proposing the health of their noble lord-lieutenant, whom he freely bespatters with melted-butter eulogy. Those who are in the secret

are rather amused at this, for it is not so long ago—only at the last election—that the little baronet was loud in invective against his noble friend as he now calls him. The lord-lieutenant, who blushes a good deal and looks rather spoony, returns thanks for the honour done him, and after administering as strong a dose of flattery as his conscience would permit him to the proposer of his health, in return begs us to drink the county Members. We then toast the sheriff, who looks immensely flattered, and returns thanks in a neat and appropriate speech guiltless alike of H's and grammar. Success to the Blankshire Archery Club then follows, succeeded by the Heavylandshire, with mutual hopes on both sides that whichever may win on this occasion still the present good understanding may be preserved, which sentiment, as we of Blankshire are a long way ahead, we loudly applaud. Last of all, an old fogey, with a very red, well-rasped looking face, enormous shirt-collars, which threaten to take his ears off, and a bald head, who looks like a great-grandfather, but who I am assured considers himself quite a young bachelor, and is enormously rich, gives the ladies; upon which, being naturally of a modest temperament and unaccustomed to public speaking, save at a college supper-party, I cheer loudly, and rush frantically from the tent, lest by any accident, being a somewhat juvenile bachelor, I might be found to be the youngest of those unhappy individuals present, and be called upon to return thanks. After dinner the shooting on our side, I am fain to acknowledge, becomes rather wild and erratic, and partakes more of what the 'Boys' Own Book' describes as 'roving shooting' than anything else. Some, indeed, of the least successful, forgetful of the call their native county has upon them, stray away to follow their own devices and to stroll about the grounds. As the shades of evening advance, and the lengthened shadows fall, we are warned that the contest must soon draw to a close; and those who either by skill, good luck, or a

judicious admixture of both have contrived to plant an arrow during the day near the centre of the gold begin to hope that it will not now be beaten, whilst those whose score and hits are within a few of each other put forth their best efforts to beat their rivals as it were, in racing parlance, 'on the post.' Nor is the honour of the two counties forgotten by their several partisans in their anxiety about their personal interests. As the hour to leave off draws nigher and nigher the contest becomes each moment more and more exciting; the Heavylandshireans have since dinner made up in a great measure for their morning's deficiencies, so that when we on finishing are played off the ground to the tune of 'God Save the Queen,' in order to prepare for the evening sacrifice to Terpsichore, the numbers are so near on both sides that it will require the strictest scrutiny of the markers and the greatest accuracy in their arithmetic to decide which county has gained the victory. Soon after the result of the day's sport is declared, and the state of the score is officially announced by the host, who stutters and stammers even worse than before. First he deeply studies the paper which he holds in his hand; he then declares that 'Heavylandshire' (Blankshire now looks blank) — 'no, I mean Blankshire' (Heavylandshire's countenances fall below zero) — 'no, Heavylandshire' — 'no, Blankshire——.' At last the Secretary comes to his assistance, and Blankshire are declared the winners by one hit. Loud cheering on the part of the Blankshire Club, joined in by those of Heavylandshire who never shoot, and therefore care but little about the result. Prizes are next distributed to the distinguished shots by the hostess, who makes a

much better hand at speaking than her husband, and has a nicely-turned compliment, a kind word to say to each recipient, which are received by a deep curtsy or bow, as the happy successful archer happens to be of the fair or sterner sex. The rawboned Lady Elizabeth is again placed with the same precision as before in her carriage by John Thomas, who I believe had worked out the problem on the drive, the back seat being the centre of a circle. The grim widow is followed in rapid succession by the dowager peeress, who in her turn is followed by the Lady Fanny Fantail, the Dean, and many of the older visitors. Dancing now commences, and is kept up with spirit until long after the clock has struck the morning watch. At supper I make the unfortunate mistake of taking a young aristocratic divine for a footman, and insist, upon his hesitating to serve me with champagne, that he should do so, at which further insult he grins and looks severely upon me, whereupon I inform him in a stern voice, I shall report him to his master. But I am cruelly punished for my mistake, and he is amply avenged, when during the last waltz the worshipped one of my heart, the false, the faithless, and the fair Geraldine Carrington quietly tells me in the most unconcerned manner, as though totally unconscious of my devotion and adoration, that she is engaged to him whom I had deemed but a flunkey. I retire to my chamber in despair, vowing to give up archery, and never again to permit my heart to be made a target whereat the little nude urchin (whom I should like to see well whipped) may direct his arrows.

And so ended our Grand Archery Contest.





Drawn by T. Morton.

"Edith turned and faced them. I shall never forget the look of utter consternation with which Georgy gazed up at her tall, stately sister."

[See "The First Time I saw Her."

THE FIRST TIME I SAW HER.

A London Story.

CHAPTER VIII.

THE PARTY.

AFTER his first introduction by Grainger, Wells came to it—
 terrace almost as often as Smith.
 We were on those terms now with
 the Bush and his family that, in
 spite of the young person, the
 widow and his friends were no
 longer a distinct set.

Edith, however, never coun-
 tenanced us; perhaps she was
 afraid of angering Mr. Grainger.

That gentleman soon declared
 open war with us, and avoided us
 on all occasions, very much to our
 and I think also to Edith's con-
 fusion. If we did chance to meet
 her cold and reserved manner
 clearly showed us the distance in
 our intimacy of Mr. Grainger as
 the common ground.

We saw very little of Edith, she
 was out a good deal, and in the evening
 she passed most of her time up-
 stairs. One day Smith asked Georgy
 what her sister did all alone in that
 little room, and Georgy said, 'Oh,
 she was doing something about
 music—composing, or copying out,
 or something.'

The hap thoroughly hated Edith.
 I have never seen before two sisters
 such bitter enemies.

One day the little traitress came
 smiling into the drawing-room,
 where Smith, Wells, and I were.

'Mr. West,' she exclaimed, 'I
 have discovered why Edith hates
 your being here so. I heard her
 talking to Agnes about it just now.
 It is because she doesn't like you to
 see the part she is playing with
 Grainger. She says men see through
 those things so quickly, and it's dis-
 ordering enough to have to do it,
 without having witnesses to it.
 She was in a passion, and said it
 was too bad of papa to subject her
 to such humiliations. Agnes offered
 to speak to papa, but at the same
 time, she cried down, and got
 humble and resigned.'

'Are you sure of what you say,
 Georgy?' I asked gravely.

'Quite. Come down into the
 back parlour and hear for yourself—
 they are talking still,' answered
 this cunning young lady. 'Isn't
 Fanny a favourite to be playing in
 this way with Grainger?' she asked.
 Wells answered quickly for me, but
 gravely and kindly—

'No, Miss Georgy, all things con-
 sidered, I should call your cousin a
 hypocrite. He says one thing, but
 he does another, and always does
 a third. He is a very clever man,
 but he is not a very good man.'

'What do you mean?' asked Edith.
 'He says one thing, but he does
 another, and always does a third.
 He is a very clever man, but he is
 not a very good man. I don't
 know if you have only just arrived,
 or if she had overheard our conver-
 sation. She was rather excited, but
 she came up to us with perfect com-
 posure, and spoke a little about a
 new piece of music she had in her
 hand, and then went out.'

'Did she hear?' asked Georgy,
 looking really frightened.

'I trust she did,' said Wells,
 gravely. 'I would not have in-
 formed you, Miss Bush, but it is
 only right your sister should know
 who is the Judge in the family.'
 As for Smith he got up without a
 word and left the house. Georgy
 thought fit to throw herself on her
 knees, and burst into tears. 'Are
 they genuine?' I whispered to
 Wells, and he shrugged his shoul-
 ders.

In about half an hour Edith re-
 appeared to beg Smith to come in
 and see Wells, she said that he
 had, and would walk. He went
 smiling, and that appearance of
 peace was the last we saw of him
 for some time. He came no more
 to dine with Edith and Georgy.

For about a week after this in-
 cident, things seemed to go on
 more smoothly again. Georgy was
 frightened, I suppose, at having



Drawn by J. Watson.

"Edith turned and faced them. I shall never forget the look of utter astonishment with which Georgy gazed up at her tall, stately sister."

(See "The First Time I saw Her.")

THE FIRST TIME I SAW HER.

A London Story.

CHAPTER VIII.

THE PARTY.

AFTER his first introduction by Grainger, Wells came to H— Terrace almost as often as Smith. We were on those terms now with Mr. Bush and his family that, in spite of the young person, the lodger and his friends were no longer a distinct set.

Edith, however, never countenanced us; perhaps she was afraid of angering Mr. Grainger.

That gentleman soon declared open war with us, and avoided us on all occasions, very much to our, and I think also to Edith's satisfaction. If we did chance to meet, his cold and sarcastic remarks clearly showed us he objected to our intimacy at No. 3 quite as much as the young person did.

We saw very little of Edith; she was out a great deal, and in the evening she passed most of her time upstairs. One day Smith asked Georgy what her sister did all alone in that little room, and Georgy said, 'Oh, she was doing something about music—composing, or copying out, or something.'

The imp thoroughly hated Edith. I have never seen before two sisters such bitter enemies.

One day the little traitress came smiling into the drawing-room, where Smith, Wells, and I were.

'Mr. West,' she exclaimed, 'I have discovered why Edith hates your being here so. I heard her talking to Agnes about it just now. It is because she doesn't like you to see the part she is playing with Grainger. She says men see through those things so quickly, and it's degrading enough to have to do it, without having witnesses to it. She was in a passion, and said it was too bad of papa to subject her to such humiliation. Agnes offered to speak to papa, but at the bare idea, she cooled down, and got humble and resigned.'

'Are you sure of what you say, Georgy?' I asked gravely.

'Quite. Come down into the back parlour and hear for yourself—they are talking still,' answered this obliging young lady. 'Isn't Edith a hypocrite to be playing in this way with Grainger?' she added. Wells answered quickly for me, but gravely and kindly—

'No, Miss Georgy, all things considered, I cannot call your sister a hypocrite. By your own, or rather, her own words, she shows you what a humiliation she undergoes. Besides, before you judge an action, learn its motive, Miss Georgy.'

We were standing about the window with our backs to the room. As Wells finished speaking, I turned away, and then I saw Edith standing in the back room. I don't know if she had only just entered, or if she had overheard our conversation. She was rather flushed, but she came up to us with perfect composure, and spoke a little about a new piece of music she held in her hand, and then went out.

'Did she hear?' asked Georgy, looking really frightened.

'I trust she did,' said Wells, gravely. 'I would not have betrayed you, Miss Bush, but it is only right your sister should know who is the Judas of the family.' As for Smith he got up without a word and left the house. Georgy thought fit to throw herself on the sofa, and burst into tears. 'Are they genuine?' I whispered to Wells, and he shrugged his shoulders.

In about half an hour Edith reappeared to beg Wells to come up and see Nelly, who had hurt her foot, and couldn't walk. So Wells went up into that mysterious little room, and it was the first but not the last time he spent his afternoon up there with Edith and Nelly.

For about a week after this incident, things seemed to go on more smoothly again. Georgy was frightened, I suppose, at having

gone rather too far, or perhaps it was Smith who kept her in order; at any rate she avoided any direct outbreak with Edith, and on the whole behaved peaceably.

Suddenly Edith set off on one of her mysterious visits, and then Georgy triumphed again, and brought matters to a climax, though in a way she certainly never expected.

Of course directly Edith was safely out of the way, the party question was again brought forward, Mr. Bush's consent obtained, and everything settled to everybody's satisfaction.

I confess once I felt a certain qualm of conscience, as if I were being guilty of a meanness, and even traitorship to the young person, when I allowed myself to be talked over by that dreadful little Georgy into inviting some of my friends, and ordering a dozen of champagne for supper. Still, after all, I had never set up for Edith's ally; on the contrary, we were almost declared enemies. As to Smith—of course I know I have no business with Smith's sins or shortcomings—still I do think Smith ought to have been ashamed of himself. I remembered that manly way in which he had begged Edith's pardon and shaken hands with her—when she was so angry with us all on this very subject—if he didn't. Why, such a clasp of the hand would have bound me over to keep the peace for life! And here it was scarcely three weeks, and he had forgotten all about it, and was again a complete slave in the iron little hands of Miss Georgy.

Wells knew nothing about the scene the Miss Bushes had acted a little while ago to Smith and myself, so he joined innocently enough in our arrangements.

Well! the house gradually fell into confusion: it had begun that process ever since Edith's departure, but as the important Thursday drew nigh, it grew worse and worse. Why all this fuss was necessary I never could understand, but it certainly was very unpleasant, and I began to regret, for my own sake,

that I had ever agreed to the giving of a party.

On Thursday evening I went home rather later than usual, according to Georgy's request. I found the parlour turned into a tea-room, whose presiding genius was Emily, in a very low dress, and with pink roses in her hair.

The drawing-room, in all the glory of uncovered chairs and sofas, was brilliantly lighted, not only by the gaselier, but by sundry lamps and candles distributed about the room, while there was an attempt at flower decoration, and about the windows a queer festooning of pink calico and white muslin.

Agnes was wandering about dressed very soberly in muslin, with only the plaits of her beautiful shining hair for head-dress.

'Georgy insists upon the flowers and pink calico, Mr. West,' she said, as I entered. 'Don't you think they look rather ridiculous?'

Truth to tell, I did; but I was too cowardly to dispute Miss Georgy's taste; so, saying 'Oh, no,' I ran up stairs to dress.

When I came down, there were a good many people in the drawing-room, and, as Willie whispered to me, the party had begun. I don't shine in such scenes—I hate them—so I stole quietly into a back corner, to watch at my ease how things went on. The company was rather mixed; but on the whole I was satisfied by their connections that the Bushes belonged to the higher portion of the middle class.

Some of the gentlemen were rather young, and a little *gauche*, giving me the idea that Willie had been recruiting among his City acquaintance; and some of the ladies seemed a little strange with the Misses Bush; but those who gathered familiarly round Mr. Bush were all of the higher class, and I noticed they treated the old gentleman with a kind of sympathizing respect, while he unbent from his usual severe gravity, and seemed almost cheerful. Agnes played hostess most gracefully, and Georgy, dressed in a perfect maze of flounces, flowers, ribbons, and lace, fluttered about among the company, spreading



'Go, all of you,' said Agnes, in a quick, authoritative voice; 'go, Georgina: it would kill her to find you here when she recovers.'—See p. 263.



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laughter and gaiety wherever she went.

Smith and Wells appeared about ten o'clock, and Smith came up to me immediately. 'How is it going off, Lewis?' he whispered. 'Anything extraordinary happened yet?'

'Nothing—everything all right,' I replied, at which Smith seemed greatly relieved.

'I've asked the Harvey people and Muffs,' he said, 'and you know what quizzes they are.'

Just then Georgy came up. 'Are you going to dance with me, Mr. Smith?'

Of course he was, and so off they went.

I couldn't understand Smith's anxiety that all should go on well. What was it to him? or to me? or to any other man, excepting Mr. Bush?

As I said before, I never play an active part in scenes like these. In vain Agnes, who feared I was being neglected, besought me to dance; in vain Georgy tried to beguile me. I was proof even against her attractions, though she offered to give up a waltz with Smith if I liked, and honour me. I preferred sitting in my odd corner, watching the girls' faces, as they smiled and glowed in the dance, and watching the awkward attempts of the City youths at playing the agreeable. I liked to listen to the hum of talk amidst the gay music, and to catch snatches of flirting conversation as the couples passed me; and, best of all, I liked to watch that gay little Georgy whizzing about with her fluttering flounces, now here, now there, laughing, talking, flirting with all. It was even an amusement to look at poor Smith—Smith, usually the gayest, the most courted, to-night looking so annoyed! Could it be the impossibility of keeping that little imp near him, as usual? I had never yet seen Smith reduced to the degree of 'spooniness' that entails jealousy, and I could not believe it possible.

However, I saw him looking much brighter a few minutes after, when he was flying round the room with Georgy in his arms—yes, absolutely in his arms, for Smith was tall, and

the imp very short. I doubt if Georgy's toe touched the floor.

I sat there, and moralized upon human nature in general, and on Smiths andimps as a class, and I felt supremely superior.

As I was just rousing myself to follow the general move to the supper-room, I felt a light hand on my arm, and Nelly said, 'Will you take me down, Mr. West?' I had not noticed the poor blind child all the evening, and my conscience reproached me, so I paid her all my attention during supper, and never spoke to another soul; and afterwards I took her upstairs carefully, and we sat together in my corner. Wells joined us, and there we remained, while the dancing went on all the merrier for the champagne.

It was about twelve o'clock. The gaiety was at its height—the Lancers were being danced with the usual amount of clatter and laughter, when from our corner we saw a tall figure come down stairs, and Edith, dressed in a low evening dress, with a white rose in her dark hair, came slowly, and with stately grace, into room. Her face was pale as the rose she wore, and the dark stern glitter of her eyes, and slight frown on her brow, spoke ominously of the brewing storm.

She went up to her father, and spoke a few words. He seemed surprised to see her, but she evidently hushed his exclamations. She had come in so quietly amid the dancers that she was unobserved, and she stood for an instant, looking calmly round; then she caught sight of us, and came up. 'Nelly, dear,' she said. The blind girl started. 'You here! when did you come back?' she exclaimed. Then she added, in a low, sad voice, 'I feared it would happen like this. Don't be very angry, Edith.' She took her sister's hand caressingly in hers, and held it as I and Wells spoke.

I said very little, for I felt almost guilty; but Wells, who knew nothing, talked unrestrainedly. As Edith stood beside us, Smith and Georgy came sauntering by. Georgy was talking, but I heard Smith suddenly interrupt her with—

'Good heavens, Georgina! there's your sister.'

Edith turned and faced them. I shall never forget the look of utter consternation with which Georgy gazed up at her tall, stately sister. For an instant she blushed and hesitated; then, as if remembering herself, she tossed back her head, laughed a little, impertinent laugh, and drew Smith on.

'The storm won't burst yet,' she said, 'but when it does, it will be something tremendous.'

But the storm that did burst was not what she expected.

When Edith entered the drawing-room I don't believe she ever intended to act as she did. Her character and former conduct, threatening and passionate as it undoubtedly was, supported my assertion that the fault she committed was unpremeditated, and so saved from meanness. Georgy had scarcely passed, leaving Edith quivering inwardly with passion, when Mr. Grainger came up, with his usual confident smile and familiar salutations. Edith's reply was, for the first time, sharp; for the first time she unveiled her dislike and disgust for him. He tried conversation, but her answers were short, her manner cold and repelling; and Grainger, from being astonished, grew sulky, and finally walked off. Nelly's fingers wound caressingly round her sister's, but she withdrew them, and walked into the back room. I felt almost alarmed; I knew the game that Edith had been playing. Was she, in a moment of temper or revenge, going to throw it up, and leave fate to do her worst? Wells looked at me uneasily; presently he rose, saying—

'Let us go into the back room, Lewis.'

He drew Nelly's arm within his, and we all three pushed our way through the dancers. Agnes met us.

'Is it not unfortunate?' she whispered. 'Oh, Mr. West, how I wish I had not yielded to Georgy!'

Mr. Grainger was in the back room, standing sulkily by the piano. Edith sat on the sofa, at a distance, and we went and joined her. I was

quite glad when at last I saw people beginning to depart. I hoped Grainger would follow their example, and leave things as they were till the next day; I dreaded his seeking any more conversation with her that night, for by her glittering eyes I could read that the storm had not yet burst.

But there he stood, looking as dogged as she—every now and then casting angry glances at our group. It must come to-night whatever it was.

The dancers in the front room grew fewer and fewer, and at length the only persons remaining besides the family were Grainger, Smith, Wells, and myself.

Edith rose slowly, as if she meant to slip off quietly; but she had not moved six steps before Grainger followed her.

'May I claim your attention for a few minutes?' he said, in a low voice; but, as I sat near, I could hear every word. 'Will you tell me how I have incurred your displeasure?' he said, formally.

'In no way,' she answered coldly. 'I am not displeased with you.'

'Then why did you treat me just now as if I had most deeply offended you?'

He spoke in the haughtiest tone, almost commandingly. No wonder Edith's eyes lightened, as she answered—

'And by what right do you question me in this manner?'

'By what right?' He laughed a cold, insulting laugh, as he repeated her words, and looked daringly into her face. She returned his look with all the furies gleaming in her eyes, and then turning round with a swift movement, went out and shut the door almost in his face. So ended the party.

Georgy had dared Edith, and Edith had fulfilled her threat, and let Mr. Grainger loose among them. And for all this—the poor father, was he to be the victim? I could not believe it; Edith was too good, too noble for that. She was only frightening them—she must have some means at hand to prevent such a catastrophe.

'I shall come to-morrow,' said



Wells had come with me to examine a plan I had been drawing of some projected church, and we two busied ourselves at the table while Edith stood at the window.—
See p. 264.



Below the illustration, there is a block of text, likely a caption or description, which is also very faint and illegible due to the low contrast of the scan.

Wells to me, as we parted. 'I can't let her fight it out alone with that fellow.'

Smith said nothing, but he looked very perplexed.

CHAPTER IX.

THE CONSEQUENCES OF THE PARTY.

Breakfast was very late the next morning. Only Emily, Edith, and Mr. Bush were at table. Emily's eyes were red and swollen with crying, but Edith was only deadly pale.

Mr. Bush endeavoured to talk a little; but I was too uneasy myself to follow up any conversation, so he gave up the attempt, and we ate our breakfast in grim silence.

Just as I was leaving the table, the servant brought in a note for Mr. Bush, who read it, and then passed it, without a word, to Edith.

I went into the next room for my hat, and then I heard Mr. Bush say, despairingly—

'What can I do? what shall I do? To be hunted and persecuted—'

Then Edith's voice interrupted: 'Hush, papa, dear! only trust to me—only trust to me!' And then some one rushed upstairs.

I put on my hat and went off, not to business, but to Wells, and then with him to Smith's. We talked matters over, and Wells proposed to come back, and speak out boldly to Edith, and beg her to tell us truthfully how matters stood, so that we might interpose, and take the affair in our own hands.

When we arrived at H— Terrace we found everything quiet. Georgy was sitting in the parlour, knitting, Agnes was reading, and Edith writing. There was something so calm and dignified about the two elder sisters that I thought to myself, if Wells dared to ask Miss Edith to take him into her confidence, and tell him freely her own private affairs, it was certainly a bolder thing than I dared do.

Wells didn't dare it either; so we sat talking on the weather, and the party, and all kinds of subjects, when a double knock came, and in

a few minutes Ann entered, and said—

'Mr. Grainger would be glad to speak to Miss Edith.' Edith closed and locked her desk immediately, and left the room.

We felt we were in the way; we felt that even Georgy would have given worlds to see us take our hats and depart, and yet we could not go. For my own part, I felt I must see Edith when she came away from her interview.

This silent kind of misery was dreadful.

After a time, Agnes gave up all attempt to entertain us, but lay back in the arm-chair with her hands pressed to her temples, listening earnestly, I thought, for the slightest sound overhead. Even Georgy seemed too frightened to speak.

Half an hour must have passed; then the drawing-room door opened and two persons came down stairs. Edith's voice said cheerfully, 'At seven, if you like.' And Grainger answered, 'Very well, then, let it be seven; no fear of my not being punctual. Good bye.'

Agnes started up and Edith came in. I looked at her face; her cheeks were flushed, and her eyes shone feverishly. She came and stood by Agnes.

'We've made up our quarrel, you see,' she said, with an attempt at gaiety; 'I was horribly cross last night; no wonder the poor man was offended.'

Suddenly the colour faded from her face, she put up her hands to her head, and dropped, fainting, at her sister's feet.

'Go, all of you,' said Agnes, in a quick, authoritative voice; 'go, Georgina: it would kill her to find you here when she recovers.'

That evening, as Smith and I sat smoking in Wells's room, Smith's servant brought him a small mauve-coloured note, smelling most deliciously of wood violets. Smith read it and consigned it to his pocket-book amidst our congratulations.

'Now confess,' I said, 'is not that note from No. 3? and confess it is not the first, or second, or sixth of its kind and colour.'

'Don't be impertinent, Lewis,'

answered Smith; 'but do you know it contains the news we all feared.'

'What!' I exclaimed, 'the father is not arrested?'

'No; but Edith is going to marry Grainger; in a fortnight, too.'

Wells made no remark, but I saw him compress his lips firmly.

That was the only regular notice we had of Edith's engagement; but in the constant visits of Grainger at all hours, in the busy preparation of dresses, &c., and in the grave sad looks of Agnes and Edith we read daily of the coming event.

Gradually it became the talk of the family, and we joined in our remarks as if we had known it as long as ourselves.

Edith, however, kept studiously out of our way. I never saw her except at meals, and then I noticed that she was daily growing thinner and paler. Our warfare had ceased entirely. If she spoke to me it was with the courteous indifference with which she would have addressed a perfect stranger; and if she ever met me on the stairs in any of her peculiar appearances, she never paused to make any annoying remark, but passed on as if too absorbed in her own affairs to have a thought for me.

On Sunday evening—the wedding was fixed for Thursday—Wells and I went to No. 3 rather earlier than usual. We had not been able to find Smith, but were not surprised on Edith telling us Agnes and Georgy were walking in Kensington Gardens.

Wells had come with me to examine a plan I had been drawing of some projected church, and we two busied ourselves at the table while Edith stood at the window.

She was dressed for walking, and evidently waiting for Mr. Grainger. We both watched her a little as we studied the plan; for Edith was an object of interest to us, more particularly now that she so studiously avoided us.

She seemed scarcely conscious of our presence, certainly not of our regards, as she stood with her grave face turned half towards us, her thoughts evidently busily and sadly engaged, to judge by the changing

expression of her usually quiet countenance.

Wells made some rather queer remarks on my plan, and repeated the same things two and three times over; so feeling disgusted, I rolled up the paper and went to put it back in my desk. Was Wells going to do the same by Edith, Smith was doing by Georgy? You see, I don't attempt to give it a name; these things are incomprehensible to me, only I, myself, felt very much inclined to go up to the tall figure at the window and—. I happened to turn round; Wells had gone up to the tall figure at the window, and—why he was only talking to her about the—sunset, I think. I felt relieved—why should not I go too? Wells looked a little grim at my approach, but Edith looked just the same, neither graver or gayer, so I didn't mind Wells. I caught a reflection of all three of us in the glass as we stood together. I saw a tall man, broad-shouldered, and with a great deal of whiskers, &c., standing a full head taller than the grave, handsome lady, and beside them, why, a mere boy, with a face like a statue, but with the resolution of a hero on it. I turned away.

'Have you been out this evening?' Wells asked.

'Not yet; I am waiting for Mr. Grainger,' Edith said out boldly.

'For Mr. Grainger! why I saw him not long ago at Richmond, and he told me he intended staying all night.'

She turned and looked steadily in his face. 'Strange he should not have written or sent to tell me,' she muttered: then untying her bonnet and taking it off, she smiled scornfully, I suppose at her own thoughts.

Presently she said, 'You seem to know Mr. Grainger very well,' she spoke unwillingly, and turned away so as to avoid Wells seeing her face.

He answered, 'Yes,' laconically.

I saw she hoped he would say more, but he stood silent, waiting for her to question, which she would not do. I walked away and sat down to leave them freer. I felt the boy had more power than the man.

'Miss Bush,' Wells half-whispered in his earnest voice, 'may I ask you



'She went up to the table and took up a card, looked at it for an instant, and then threw it down, and sitting down by the table, folded her arms upon it, and laid her head wearily on them, and there stayed quietly. Poor bride! Down stairs we heard the merry laughter of her sisters, and the shrill voice of Georgy exclaiming on the beauty of the bridal dresses.'—See p. 267.

one question, and will you pardon its seeming impertinence?"

He paused, and she said, coldly, "Speak on."

"Do you know the character, the former life of the man you are going to marry?"

Wells spoke so earnestly, so kindly, it was cruel of her to answer as she did.

"So well, sir, that I require no information on the subject."

I saw Wells's face flush; but he never flinched.

"Is it your wish—are you happy in the idea of your coming marriage?" he continued. "Edith, listen!" he caught her hand and held it as he spoke; "I ask you this out of no idle curiosity. Duty and every honourable feeling urge, force me to do it. Answer me truthfully, boldly, as you know you can, if you choose."

"Take your hand away, Mr. Wells," she said, in a stern voice, but so low I could scarcely hear it.

"Be angry if you choose," he answered, still clenching her hand, "but listen to me. When I have spoken, act as you will, I shall have done my duty. If you cast away the help Heaven sends you now, in the future, Edith—a future which I warn you will be as dark as the company of sin can make it—you must not dare accuse fate or Heaven of your misery. Remember, it's your own doing, your own sacrifice, not to filial love, to filial duty, but to pride."

"You cannot judge," she said, coldly; "you do not know my position."

"I know more than you think, more than you know yourself," he answered, sternly; "but I have spoken; do as you please. I will not save you against your will. Mr. Grainger is a rich man."

I never heard Wells sneer before. I was glad to see that Edith flushed. She muttered something about his misunderstanding her, and then went out of the room, and Wells gave her a grand, stately bow as she passed.

For the next two days, Wells didn't come to the house, and I kept out of it as much as I could. It

pained me beyond measure to see the gay preparation, to see all the girls laughing and joking over the wedding-cards and favours—all but the bride elect. Besides, there was a great deal of confusion, worse than before the party—that ill-fated party which had brought all this to pass.

Well, time flies! The eve of the wedding-day came. The drawing-room was all fresh with lace curtains and flowers; in the dining-room, plate and glass (come from Heaven knows where) lay scattered about; and in every room something betokened the coming event.

Smith and I were now on very intimate terms with the family, so we were admitted to the party assembled round the drawing-room table, and allowed to assist in the composition of the announcement of the marriage to be inserted in the 'Times,' and in directing the envelopes with the cards.

"Mr. and Mrs. W. Grainger. There's many a slip 'twixt the cup and the lip," I thought; "but—" I could not finish my thought, for at that instant Wells came in and we had to make a general move to give him room.

Edith was not with us. She and Wells had not met since Sunday, and I was surprised now that Wells should come. He was very silent, and I noticed he would not touch a card or a favour.

We sat there till it grew dusk; then the dressmaker came, and the young ladies rushed down stairs, followed by Smith, who has the 'brass' for anything. I went into the back room and threw myself on the sofa to await their return, and Wells followed.

We heard some one come into the room, and in the dusky light we could distinguish the figure of Edith, taller by half a head than any of her sisters.

She went up to the table and took up a card, looked at it for an instant, and then threw it down, and sitting down by the table, folded her arms upon it, and laid her head wearily on them, and there stayed quietly. Poor bride! Down stairs we heard the merry laughter of her sisters, and the shrill voice of Georgy ex-

claiming on the beauty of the bridal dresses.

A quarter of an hour passed—then Wells got up, and went to pass out of the door of the front room. Edith started.

'Oh!' she exclaimed, 'Oh! Mr. Wells, is that you?'

She half rose from her chair, then dropped down again wearily, and Wells came up to her.

'Did you call me?' he asked, quietly.

'I—I wished to thank you for—' Her voice trembled so, she could scarcely speak. I could hear her breathe even in the back room—she almost gasped. Then she suddenly sprang up: 'Oh, Mr. Wells, is it too late?' she asked, in a low voice—'is it too late? Do help me—do save me—I am so wretched!'

I only just saw that Wells's hand was clasped in both hers, and then I crept out of the room. I do so hate scenes.

Half an hour after I heard Wells come rushing down stairs. I met him.

'Well?' I said.

'I will do my best,' he answered.

'I am fully justified in using all the power I have over him, but it will have to be lightning work. Good night.'

I did not understand in the least what Wells meant, but I felt that the boy might be depended on.

CHAPTER X.

IN WHICH EDITH BECOMES MRS. —.

The next morning dawned gloriously fine. Everyone was up early, and everybody but Mr. Bush and Agnes seemed in good spirits. Of course Edith did not appear.

The wedding was to take place at half-past eleven, and by half-past ten the company began to make their appearance. I had heard nothing of Wells; but a large bouquet had come from Mr. Grainger for the bride; and I began to wonder how the slip was to be made between the cup and Mr. Grainger's lip.

As I went down out of my room, dressed in my wedding garments, the door of that mysterious little

room opened, and Edith, wrapped in a large shawl, peeped out.

'Have you any news of Mr. Wells?' she asked, faintly.

'No. And you?'

'None—yet he promised so faithfully.'

I did not know what to say.

'What time is it?'

'Half-past ten.'

'Then I must give it up. He couldn't help it, I suppose.'

I shall never forget her look of utter distress as she turned and shut the door.

In about half an hour she came down, in her white bridal dress and long floating veil. She looked stately, but not beautiful; her face was too pale, her eyes too heavy, and she had a dull, unconscious look, as if she were acting in her sleep; and only when her father appeared she struggled to smile and look contented, and then it was absolutely painful to look at her.

I went and sat near her. As I passed she started, and looked up at me with such a deep, wild, piteous glance, that I could not help pausing to whisper—

'There is still a quarter of an hour, and he said it would have to be "lightning" work.'

'True,' she muttered. 'Surely he cannot fail me!'

But eleven o'clock struck, and the company began to move off. Edith sat perfectly still watching them as they went in parties, all gay and laughing. Agnes lingered a little—she seemed longing to say something. Once or twice she went towards the bride, then looked at her father, and hesitated and retired again. At length the bridesmaids went, and I was obliged to follow; so there we left Edith alone with her father.

'Inevitable!' I muttered to myself, as I put the last bridesmaid in the carriage, and then went back to the house to fetch the old aunt, whom I had undertaken to convey in my brougham to church.

Just then a hansom, driving at full speed, came in sight. I paused—something told me it was the reprieve. In another instant it was at the door, and Wells, looking pale

and haggard, sprang out. He caught my arm—

'Has she gone?'

'No. What have you done?'

'Come up,' he replied.

We dashed up stairs together, and in an instant he was standing beside Edith. He gave her a note, saying, 'He started an hour ago for Paris.'

What was in the note I never knew. All I know is, that she read it, gave it to her father, and then sat down and burst into such a storm of sobs and tears that I was fairly frightened; and that Wells, in spite of Mr. Bush's presence, flung himself beside her, and—I shouldn't like to say joined her in her tears, but he certainly looked dreadfully white, and his voice shook as he spoke; and I know that the company waited at the church till they got quite tired, and then they came back; and I know that there was no wedding that day.

I am not going to write of the wonder and disappointment of everybody as they came rushing back and found the drawing-room empty, and the bride and bridegroom nowhere; nor of the whispering, and sneers, and hypocritical condolences, as Georgy went about making up an awfully fabulous account of Mr. Grainger's sudden and alarming illness. All I can say is, that I don't think any one believed it; and that most people thought it a most romantic affair, wondered if Mr. Bush would make it a breach of promise case, and at how much he would put the damages; and some said 'It served that proud, conceited Edith right;' and all were, on the whole, rather pleased, as we all are, in the misfortunes of our friends.

As for Smith and myself, we were unfeignedly delighted, and went and smoked—in unutterable peace of mind—a cigar in the back parlour, waiting for Wells, who was closeted with Mr. Bush and Edith.

It was a day of dreadful confusion at No. 3—even dinner was forgotten to be ordered; and at seven o'clock Smith and I were obliged to request Ann to bring up some of the wedding breakfast, and Georgy, whose feelings were never too much for her,

joined us, and we managed for ourselves, and did pretty well, considering.

As for Wells, he came in for a few minutes, and, after recruiting his strength with a glass of champagne, told us Grainger was not likely to trouble his English friends for some time; but he would not enter into particulars—he said his word was pledged. Afterwards we learnt from his lawyer that it was a charge of forgery and embezzlement that had humbled Mr. Grainger's pride, and sent him travelling so quickly; and that a cheque for three hundred pounds had been given in exchange for a note declining the honour of Edith's hand, and another little paper that Wells had burnt even before he parted with Grainger.

The lawyer seemed to think the whole affair a good joke; but said Wells was rather 'soft' not to prosecute; and to pay the three hundred pounds, when Mr. Grainger was in such a fright, he would have given him twenty notes declining any number of young ladies' hands, and little bits of paper *ad libitum*, all for nothing.

I left No. 3, H— Terrace, and went abroad for the autumn, and the winter found me still in Germany. I loitered the spring and summer away in France; and when I returned to England, I found No. 3 empty, and the Bushes flown, no one knew where.

Smith also had left London, and was, I was told, staying in Scotland. So I drove down to Wells's place, near Richmond. Wells was out too—provoking! but the servant said Mrs. Wells was at home, would I like to see her. 'Very much.' There in the drawing-room sat Edith, stately as ever, and without a vestige of the housemaid about her. She received me quite warmly, and we had a tête-à-tête dinner, and talked over old times. She was so gracious, graceful, refined, yet easily free, that I quite understood the fascination she had exercised over Wells; and it was with intense amusement that I recalled to her memory our warfare, and how rudely she used to behave towards me.

'Ah! Mr. West,' she said, 'you

would scarcely believe what a time of torture that was to me. How I hated you—at least your presence!

Then she told me she had been striving and working for two years to make a hundred and fifty pounds, that at the Christmas of the preceding year, when her father expected to receive a hundred and fifty pounds, they might free themselves of Grainger.

'I know,' she said, 'it was a dangerous and an insincere part I played towards Mr. Grainger, encouraging him, but never meaning to marry him; but I thought the

motive justified me. Still, if it had not been for my husband—'

'And Georgy,' I said presently. 'Oh, Georgy is very well. She is at present flirting valiantly with Mr. Smith's cousin.'

'Then I shall still find Smith a bachelor,' I said, very much relieved.

Edith laughed. 'Yes,' she answered. 'He fought bravely for liberty, and conquered. Will you like to come and see papa and my sisters this evening?' she asked, presently. 'They live close to us; and I don't think Willie will be home before ten.'

And so we went.

CRICKETANA—THE GREAT DAY AT LORD'S.

Eton v. Harrow.

THE Eton and Harrow match was a day of days. Year after year the attraction has seemed greater, till at last Lord's, 'on the Schools' day,' is like Ascot on the Cup day—not one of the events, but *the* event of the London season. It is quite a British institution. Any man who studies English manners and customs, especially on Horace's principle,

'Ætatis cujusque notandi sunt Tibi mores,'

would think it was more than his character was worth to keep away.

This day you saw Young England in its glory. You saw small boys in swarms—most restless, noisy animalculæ—with every step of the family ladder, 'big fellows,' and elder brothers of all sizes, with fathers of the younger sort, men who quite surprised you by their talk about the play of their sons: it seemed only the other day that they were boasting of their own. Of course there was the usual proportion of the ladykind. Hundreds of pretty graceful figures would you see, sitting on their horses, with ribbons or fancy sprigs, dark-blue or light, and saying 'I am Harrow,' or 'Louisa's Eton,' as naturally as if they followed their brothers, in body as in mind, through all the scenes they seem to know so well. Each held a 'correct card,' and was as familiar

with the names of Buller or of Lubbock as ladies usually are with the favourite on the race day.

I quietly threaded my way around the ring, both back and front, equally careful not to tumble over those precocious little brats who were talking like men, as to avoid the horses of their sisters, who seemed for the nonce to talk as exactly as possible in tone and topic like Harrow or Eton boys.

But the ladies were not all so sylph-like. Every thirty or forty yards I found about half a form monopolized by the superfluous breadth and crinoline of some lady that looked more Bloomsbury than Belgravian; and since nearly every one of those very important younger fry represented an expenditure of some two or three hundred a year—when would they ever earn and repay half the sum so credulously invested?—we naturally asked ourselves, What could these rural and suburban matrons want, looking so anomalous among the fashionable throng? Some we found were Eton dames and Harrow matrons, or wives of substantial shopkeepers who had thrived and fattened on the respective colleges till they felt an interest and identity in their fate and fortunes; and not a few seemed evidence of the fact that Eton is not wholly aristocratic, but that, as once we knew, the young marquis may stand side by side in class with

the son of the milliner who decks his noble mother on a court day.

Such were the component parts of the compact circle which made Lord's Cricket Ground look like the lists of a tournament, while 'behind the ropes'—though ropes unhappily there were none—almost every coronet in town might be seen on the panels of four-in-hand, drag, phaeton, chariot, brougham, or courtly waggonet, many of which were duly Fortnum-and-Masoned, and came prepared to make a spread and have a pic-nic between the innings.

And to a state of decidedly 'dead-lock' these carriages had soon become. One friend we saw driving innocently into the thickest, thinking, 'good easy man,' to look on for an hour and then face about and read the issue of the contest in next day's 'Morning Post.' We just saved him from the fate of others whose carriages had to bide their turn till eight o'clock. But meanwhile all bore colours. Even whips and horses' heads, as well as button-holes, showed the colours of 'our boy's school,' and we could not move around, on the usual voyage of discovery to see who was there, without being challenged to declare our party. To Harrow we said we most inclined because it was their turn to win; and all we wish is that every match may leave the combatants only the more eager, 'just to try that over again.'

In this way was Lord's being fast changed into an amphitheatre when some one looked at his watch and said,

'It is about time for the express trains from Windsor and Harrow; for, as yet, only the Elevens are here, with a few stragglers, absentees, and younger brothers, with boys from other schools who look up to Eton and Harrow as the favoured of the land, but soon you will see—'

While yet he spoke there came a swarm of light-blue ribbons and of darks—every cab at the stations was crammed with 'fellows' without regard to the licence to carry, and all came racing to the ground together; and great was the triumph of the Etonians when they found Tritton

'well in,' and such figures as 3, 100, 26 on their telegraph: every small boy could decipher this as implying 'three wickets only down, 100 runs got when the last man was out, and 26 the last man's score'—and more stunning now than ever all the usual shouting of 'Well hit' or 'bowled' was heard from those shrill pipes which, by the very degree of their shrillness, tell the time of day to any experienced looker-on.

We were standing by an elderly gentleman, an Etonian of 1812, who had annually watched the school matches till he had learnt to generalize—knew all the phenomena, even the natural history of the biped schoolboy—and after much vociferous shouting, yclept 'chaff,' our friend remarked, 'These fellows, you will find, always get rather hoarse about five o'clock, and then we shall feel a little more comfortable.' This proved true: still the said cheers and counter cheers were at times amusing, though to some we take exception as not quite generous.

Cheers of encouragement are natural enough, but cries of 'well bowled,' ironically, or 'take him off,' when an opponent is not for the moment quite doing himself justice, this is not fair in a game which depends so much on nerve and freedom from irritation. But what was 'the unkindest cut of all'—we actually heard a jeer at one who was bowled out first ball! Now every true cricketer has a feeling for a poor fellow who, after he has been heart and soul for weeks practising, and, perhaps, picturing to himself the score he may add to his side in the great school match, is doomed first ball to hear that most painful sound of rattling stumps behind him, and, looking back, to find it true, and who then has to walk back, looking sedulously at his toes, swinging his bat in a most vain affectation of indifference, and, arrived at the pavilion, to hear (how often!), after many a question, 'How did that happen?' his disaster attributed to the very failing about which he feels most sore!

So, henceforth remember, my young friends, and beware of all

such jokes as turn a day of pleasure into pain. For, really these things were no trifles on that eventful day. There was scarcely one player on either side but had a father, mother, brother, sister looking on, and not a few had the whole family tree, trunk, twigs, and branches altogether, with eyes converging to 'our Harry at that wicket. See now—now he is going to have the ball.' Yes, and all with hearts so tremulous with emotion, and pride, and interest on the credit the boy should do himself before the assembled thousands, that the excitement of an election, and the steady increase of the poll, is the only event in life which will at all help one to realize the zest with which every run was added—valued as the miser's guineas—to the family score-paper.

If any one of my readers was so luckless as not to have been there to see, he must picture Lord's, resounding as it did with all these cries and cheers, turned by five o'clock into a close arena like a compact and dense ring-fence. The carriages, mixed with horsemen and horsewomen, formed, as it were, the massive background. Before these were rows of forms with thousands seated, and as many looking over each other's shoulders, who thus presented a second and a third level, while before all these, again, were rows of sitters on the grass, with small boys at their feet, graduating to a fringe or as pebbles on the beach.

In truth there were almost too many spectators for the fair issue of the fray. Every hard hit involved a kind of hunt-the-slipper among the sitters. One ball was heard cannoning from the panel of a carriage; and, how the circular glass of a certain lady's brougham escaped fracture from another ball, which came from Mr. Lubbock's bat just where we were standing, was to us a marvel. Many a ball was stopped by the dense rows of spectators for 'twos' which had else been 'fours,' though, as a set off, the fieldsmen were in some cases much hindered by the throng.

As the game was commencing, the betting was about even, though the

Etonians were the favourites at choice. The ground for the wickets had been prepared with more than usual care, though the greater part of the ground remains in the same disgraceful condition which has been so often remarked. Let us hope this autumn something will be done, for we can hardly believe that any two clubs simply bent on matching their strength together would ever choose Lord's for their arena. The prestige of Lord's and the West End situation will not alone secure a preference while so fair a stage as the Oval is available. In consequence of the state of the ground we hardly did the Harrovian fielding justice on the first day. Indeed we feared they were decidedly inferior, but when once used to the ground, and their confidence established, one of the oldest players present agreed with us that he had never seen so much ground covered by an Eleven before. The very large number of hard hits stopped for 'singles' surpassed anything we had ever observed before.

One observation was forcibly thrust upon us—youth is the season for cricket. From seventeen to twenty is the age of the greatest quickness and elastic spring. As I happened to be standing by an old player, who, like myself, almost regretted he had left off, we both remarked that now we could indeed realize the falling off from our former selves. 'Yes,' said he, 'that is fielding; that is what we used to do, and that is what we used to be. Bless me, we are quite cripples in comparison, and half the All England Eleven compared with these fine big boys, with strength enough and spring and energy to spare, look stiff as alligators too.'

As to the game, we do not think it necessary, at this distance of time, to enter into detail, although we have no doubt that all the most successful batmen, as Hornby and Grimston on the one side, Tritton, Frederics, and Lubbock on the other, will remember their score—ay and not be above talking of it, however high their honours at the bar or the senate, to their dying day. Why, 'old fellows' of either school

of fifty years and upwards did we hear talking their school match over again, with memory fresh and looks as animated as if it were but yesterday!

We shall be contented to observe that the game was interesting to the last, and ended in a state to leave both parties something to say for themselves. Each could argue, with some little cause to show, how the game would have been theirs had it only been played out; and as to this playing out, had a third day been possible, such was the excitement, that we doubt if Lord's would have held all the people who would have thronged together to see the fortune of the fray decided.

To speak of the various ups and downs, as the Eton Eleven went in first the stand made by Tritton and Fredericks looked at one time very unpromising. To us especially, who looked not only to the freedom of the hitting but to the style and promise of the play, the conclusion was inevitable:—If Eton men have so fine a form of play as this in the school, they will not be beaten to-day; for, two players, young or old, with better use of the bat, we never saw, especially considering that each stood up every inch a man. There are not five players we could mention whose position at the wicket, in 'playing tall,' would compare with theirs. We saw no unsightly stooping on the bat; the bat just touched the ground as if to ascertain the line of the wicket (as Hayward does), and then was thrown back with free wrist and arm, and each of these players commanded every inch of ground that this natural height would allow.

In this nervous point of the game while these stubborn foes were yet unmoved, more than once there was a little council of war held upon the field and a change decided in the bowlers; but, as generally happens, when once the two stickers were separated all went so swimmingly as quite to baffle computation and show their fears were vain.

But when the last man was out, and 184 were the ugly figures to go in against, knowing as we do the chances of the game, particularly

at Lord's, and knowing also how rarely young players do themselves full justice on occasions so exciting we certainly thought that Eton would have an easy victory; and no sooner did they begin to field than at 'long-leg,' Lubbock, whose fame in fielding had gone before him, seemed to be so well supported, that the hardest hits would rarely score but one. Certainly twenty byes appear to tell no friendly tale of Eton fielding; but the state of the ground and the length of the innings, 184, claim indulgence, for all old cricketers know that after an innings has extended beyond 130 runs the long-stop is apt to flag, and then threes and fours with fast bowling come apace on a lively ground.

However, much as was the work cut out for Harrow, they quickly appeared in a fair way to do it. The Eton bowling soon seemed weak, and the Harrow batting, with Hornby and Grimston, as soon seemed strong. Twenty runs were made when the first wicket fell, and ninety-five more were made before the second fell—a stubborn resistance, which also called councils of war and many a change among the Etonians too. But meanwhile time was going on, the shades of evening were already lengthening, and ardently did Harrovians hope the same good wickets would remain standing when time was called:—because then, with a little early practice, things would look most promising for the morrow. And so it came to pass that the telegraph recorded '174 runs for three wickets' when the mass of carriages began to move—or rather try to move—and thus to realize something like the difficulties of the ice-bound navigators at the north-west passage.

Not a few Harrovians all that evening were speculating on the delightful fact that all the runs within eight were made; two good men were in and six more remained to follow; and sanguine were the calculations of beating Eton, and perhaps in a single innings. Certainly the position of Harrow was a safe one. 'Win we may but lose we cannot. For, if the Eton score runs long, time will run short, and the game will end in "a draw."'

However, if three wickets produce 174, it does not follow, in cricket arithmetic, that ten wickets will therefore make triple that amount; and next day the other seven wickets fell for 94, making the Harrow innings of 268 against the 184 of Eton!

This gave another turn to the game—Eton had 84 to wipe off before a run could count against the adversary!

In this innings, or rather *outings*, Mr. Buller, who had been lame, and was even allowed a runner, took the ball, and soon showed how much the loss of his bowling in the first innings prejudiced his side, for he now got by catch or bowling six wickets! But Eton soon 'got a hold.' Mr. Tritton, who had scored 91 in the first innings, added 53, when he was beautifully caught by Grimston, second to none of the Harrow field, though good men all.

This made 149 runs to Mr. Tritton's bat alone, nearly the largest score ever added by one bat in the whole history of the school matches. Mr. Meyrick, for Winchester, in 1826, beat this score by one, making 4 and 146, and Mr. Bailey, for Eton, in 1841, made 152, having only one innings, but on neither of these occasions was the bowling as good. When, after this, Mr. Lubbock proved to be in his play—he had been caught without a run in the first innings—the Eton batsman soon cleared off all arrears, and the figures, amidst hearty cheers, ran up by tens, most rapidly, till 201 was the balance to try the mettle of the Harrovians.

'And why should we not have made them?—We made 67 more than that number in our first innings. Our batting would have been all the bolder for the practice, and your bowling rather "used up" by two days' hard work.'

'That's all very well, my fine fellows, but we had got the runs; while you had yet the runs to get, and a stern-chase is a long one always.'

We give this as a specimen of what was said on both sides.

And what do we say?

Why, that it was a run-getting game, and 208, under the circum-

stances, were not so many, for the Eton bowling was loose, there was no well-set and compact delivery about the Eton bowlers, and such bowling certainly would not improve upon acquaintance.

We call it, therefore, a very fair 'draw,' anybody's game, and all the more tantalizing that it could not be played out. And as to the value of the school time—as to the possible number of lines that might have remained unconned or the longs and shorts unmanufactured—there was a spirit of honourable emulation, all those joyous and most thrilling hours, sent like a vital fluid pulsing through the veins, that was enough to charge those youthful hearts with energy to prompt to noble deeds for many a year to come. This seems to us as part and parcel of 'public education.' To turn out the noblest part of England's sons before all the first families in the land just once a year, and let them feel the joys of noble enterprise, when the hearts of hundreds leap in sympathy with each manly effort—is there any mind so narrow as to deem this waste of time? No; rather let us remember that books are but a means to an end, and few days indeed can we find in life that teach so impressive or so pleasant a lesson as comes self-taught amidst the exulting thousands who muster annually at the school matches on Lord's Cricket Ground.

The match just passed makes the thirty-eighth contest, of which Eton has won nineteen, Harrow sixteen, with three games drawn.

It is curious to observe the many players known to fame who made their debut at these school matches. About 1822 we have C. Wordsworth, Herbert Jenner, and Roger Kynaston; about 1825 we have Lord Grimston, Capt. Davidson, and Harner, who first bowled with a round arm for Harrow; in 1827, Hon. E. Grimston,—his son it was whose style (and effect) gave equal promise in the match described; in 1833-34, Hon. P. Ponsonby, C. Taylor, T. Kirwan, and Broughton; in 1835, W. Pickering, the best field at cover ever seen, and who invited the Eleven of England to America; in 1836, Anson, Boudier, and others of

more recent times, too many to enumerate. Indeed a leading place in the Harrow or Eton Eleven results at once in a place in a University Eleven, and, if leisure permits, in the principal matches at Lord's.

And now we would emphatically call attention to the fact that several school matches have of late years remained unfinished. The reason is that they have been played during the school time, and not, as formerly, at the beginning of the holidays. While the same system continues, it is to be feared that the same unsatisfactory result will continually recur, to the serious disappointment of thousands, till the interest of the match will be destroyed altogether. No one can say that on this last occasion the players did not make the best use of the time allowed them. The cry was raised, 'Pitch the stumps early: begin at eleven, and the decision is in your own power.' But not so: experience shows that boys cannot be kept at the highest pitch of excitement through the many hours of a long summer day without tiring, and then the play becomes loose—particularly the bowling or the fielding—they can no longer play; their hardest runs come apace; and the match is as far from a finish as ever.

The truth is, there is no difficulty in playing in the holidays, unless the school authorities raise a difficulty by sending the boys home at different times. And surely the matches are of no little importance, if it were only as a meeting of old schoolfellows and a Pan-Hellenic assembling of patriotic and congenial spirits. Masters need not disdain to encourage the feelings which find expression in these long-looked-for days. These annual contests are not the mere fashion of a day. They date, with more or less regularity, from the beginning of the century. The oft-quoted match of 1805, in which Lord Byron played for Harrow on the old Lord's Ground, now covered by Dorset Square, is certainly the only match for twenty years of which the score is preserved; further scores were destroyed by the burning of the pavilion,

which occurred between the first and second day of one of these identical school matches. But Lord Byron's match was only one of a series in which, with more or less regularity, the two schools from time to time measured their strength. In early days, before those facilities of travelling which now so readily transport opposing forces to the field of action, the school matches were played, if not annually, with as much regularity as the times allowed. They were played at such intervals and with such members of each Eleven as could manage to come to London. This irregular period of the school matches extended to the year 1832. After that date the matches were played every year without intermission, and played in the holidays, up to the time that (about seven years since) the Head Master of Eton interfered. Every one of those matches was finished, and each school won, we think, an equal number—a fact highly creditable to Harrow, which, be it remembered, at the first appointment of Dr. Vaughan, twenty years since, was reduced in numbers to seventy boys. Of course for years the numbers were much less than at present, with an undue proportion of little boys too young to play. But happily the old Harrovians, the Honourables Ponsonby, Grimston, and their friends, never lost sight of the rising players, but did no little to adjust the balance, and from the smaller forces contrived by precept and encouragement to train up enough to support the honour of the school.

During the time that these school matches were forbidden, as if to make the best of the disappointment, and to show how unwilling men were to allow that these annual contests should ever cease, a match was got up by Etonians against Harrovians, the players to be under twenty years of age.

At length the Eton Master was induced to consent to the match, provided it was played during the school time; and the Master of Harrow, believing it to be the less of two evils, concurred in the same arrangement, and allowed two days'

holidays for the Eleven. This arrangement for playing during the school time the Master of Eton deemed necessary to obviate evils he apprehended from boys remaining too long in London.

While every one was inquiring how the school matches could once more be sanctioned, we claim it as our own suggestion that the Master of Eton should be requested to waive his prohibition on these terms: that each of the Eleven should satisfy him he had an invitation to the house of some friend who could be trusted to stand in *loco parentis* for the time. Now, beyond all doubt, there is many a man known to Eton and to Harrow who would enact the part of a duenna or chaperon of the male kind, and send back the whole Eleven as innocent-minded as he received them—for the no small consideration of having the honour of bringing his young friends to the ground in prime condition for the play.

We are well aware that there are certain evils against which the guardians of youth do well and wisely to beware. But no one who saw the age and manliness of those fine young fellows who riveted the admiring eyes of thousands in July last could possibly believe that 'the will' would ever want 'the way,' or that, whether in London or at Windsor, any safeguards would avail in things without. The whole secret is *diversion*—blow off the steam which you cannot confine. A man cannot be, in body or in mind, in two places at the same time. Only excite an interest in deeds of good report, and many an ill deed will long remain undone. Once bar the river and the playing-fields, and we envy not the responsibility of masters, with pent-up spirits and passion rife, in such fearful numbers as now find a sphere and a safety-valve for their restless energies in a healthful and a natural direction. But it were only half wise to open the playing-fields without making their pastimes popular by proposing some end worth playing for. So, the match at Lord's, played so commonly, and played out, cannot be

regarded as any trifling or unnecessary indulgence. The match tells at once upon the sports of Eton, as those sports tell beyond all question as the only practicable safeguard against the very evils in which a few days in London are foolishly supposed to make so wide a difference.

If this reasoning were ever true, it has twofold cogency at the present day; for the tendency now is rather to effeminate and unmanly habits.

It is a misfortune to a studious man to have no diversions. It is equally a misfortune to the idle to have no resource. With the habits of a cricketer early formed, and a confidence in superiority in one point of the game at least, many a man has had his labours lightened or his temptations lessened, who, but for so fascinating an amusement, would have nothing to break in upon a torpid and sensuous existence.

We call therefore upon all old Etonians to exert their influence to cause the matches to be played at that time only in which they are ever likely to be brought to a conclusion. Let some one or two family men meet the laudable wishes of the master for his pupils' safety, as also for avoiding any little scrape to bring discredit on the school, and we can hardly believe that any request so reasonable will fail of good results.

While speaking of youthful cricketers, we may make some brief notice of Mr. E. Grace, now in Parr's A.E. Eleven, whose remarkable performances have been quite the event of the season.

Mr. E. Grace is a Gloucestershire man, in his twenty-second year, and from childhood famed in the West Gloucestershire and other country clubs. His fielding is first-rate; he can take any place in the field, being a good long-stop, though long-leg and cover are the places to make the most of him. His bowling is decidedly useful; for he bowls underhand slows as well as fast round-arm; of his slows, like nearly all slows since the days of Clarke, it is enough to say they have their lucky days; but in his round-arm bowling he has great command; it is very

good of the kind, though of a plain description.

But it is in batting that Mr. Grace has won his chief renown. He ended last season with his great innings of 192, at Canterbury; and this season his average, calculated in twelve first-class matches, or 21 innings, is just 40! Of these 12 matches, 3 were against All England Elevens, 3 were on the All England side against from 18 to 22 in the field, 2 were North and South matches, and the other 4 were first-class country matches.

Such an average is great indeed; and therefore hundreds of amateurs hastened both to Lord's and the Oval to witness the play by which so much was achieved.

But the strange part of the story is that no small proportion of old players and admitted judges were disappointed, and said, 'What! is this Mr. Grace? Is this the style by which so much has been done? This is by no means the play from which we have been accustomed to expect great results.'

The question is, which is right, Mr. Grace, or his critics?

Mr. Grace can appeal to 40 runs an innings, and may say, 'It is time to adjust your standard to fit the fact of my play. If my style is not counted good play, it is high time it were.'

To that argument we reply that, on the same ground, we saw a gallant officer (who was wounded in the Crimea) playing very well with one hand; but is that any proof that both hands on the bat is not the more likely style to answer? No.

There is such a thing as the right, a winning style of play, though much has been done for a season or two with the wrong.

The exception taken to Mr. Grace's play is, that he does not play straight, and that he does sometimes play across wicket, and makes divers 'guess hits' hitting for the rise, before he sees what that rise will be. By this last error we saw him lose two innings, and deserve to lose a third. But even with these two innings thus reduced, his average is 40 still!

Once more; with all the luck

there is in cricket, no man ever saw another make 50 runs in a good match, unless there was not only luck but good play. How, then, do we reconcile with the defects of his play Mr. E. Grace's scores?

1. Though Mr. Grace does not play as straight as Wisden, Hearn, or Mr. Trail (few do), nor any straighter than Iddison, or than Griffith did, before his improved style of this season, he plays straighter than he appears to play. His mode of taking up his bat is peculiar and very unplayer-like, giving the idea of crop-play; still many men have had some brilliant seasons without the straightest of play, and why not Mr. Grace?

2. As to his guess hits—but too common at the present day—we can only suppose that he usually is rather sparing of them; else that he reserves them till 'his eye is well in,' and he has observed the uniform break or rise of the ball. One or two wild hits make a great impression on the lookers-on, and the fact of an average of 40 makes us think the habit is overstated.

3. As to hitting across wicket; where you can neither see the rise or command the pitch of the ball, this play, though dangerous, is quite compatible with long scores, while the eye is keen and the player in daily practice; though all experienced cricketers distrust such play for a continuance. Mr. Grace knows well enough when he is, and when he is not, 'playing the game,' and no doubt every mishap tends to bring him down to steady play. He plays for the sport, and not like the professionals for a livelihood; so no wonder if he does sometimes indulge in 'sensation' hits.

The great advantage he has over almost all of the great players of the day is, that he has got up his play very early in life. His skill has been attained before hand and eye have lost their quickness, or the days of superfluous buoyancy and elastic tissues have passed away. Mr. Grace played well at thirteen years of age—being one of a family of cricketers, playing together in their own field as soon almost as they could hold a bat. Add to this

he is the right build for a cricketer; strong and active, a fast runner, and good thrower. In all sports or feats of manual dexterity, the great point is that hand and eye be early educated to act spontaneously together; and for Mr. Grace the ball never seems too quick; and in his back play he has always time enough and to spare. But let no one suppose that fine play comes without painstaking. Though young in years he is old in experience; for early training, proverbially, goes furthest.

We strongly suspect that many batsmen fail in long scores from want of condition, both to do justice to the eye, and also to do the running. A man out of wind is shaky and distressed, and unequal to that concentrated energy and attention on which a strong defence or accurate hitting depends. And twenty-two is a fair age for running; though men only a few years older feel a great difference. They do not recover so soon or so completely after the exhaustion of one or two fours. Caffyn, John Lillywhite, and Julius Cæsar have rarely made the scores they made when under or about the age of

twenty-two; and Parr was in the All England Eleven when only eighteen. We suspect, therefore, that many a fine cricketer is lost by being put in training too late.

Add to this Mr. Grace takes no stimulus, not even tea; he plays upon water, and smokes not at all. Cricket requires a cool head, and, above all other qualities, concentration of the mind, as well as nervous energy; and few players are aware of the many innings that have been marred by that jaundiced eye which results from beer, or by that devil-may-care humour which is caused by tobacco, as well as by liquor of all kinds: any old sportsman knows the effect of beer on the 1st of September. The man who boasts 'he can only play after a glass,' or who drinks and smokes for mere idleness, must never hope to play with the cool confidence, the strong nerve, or the steady hand and eye of E. Grace. True, wine cheers the heart of man, and a cigar relieves the fretted brain; but surely all needful stimulus for youth ought to be found in the cricket-field alone.

LOBSTER SALAD.

By A CRUSTACEAN ARTIST.

SHOWING THAT LOBSTERS ARE ALWAYS IN SEASON, AND WHERE THEY ARE FOUND:

WITH FULL DIRECTIONS HOW TO SELECT AND COOK,
AND PARTICULARLY HOW TO DIGEST, THEM.

CHAPTER I.

WHAT I HAD FOR SUPPER.

ALL the travelling world are fully aware—at least those who visit Berlin—and who does not, now the daughter of our beloved Queen has made her home there?—as are many who live at home at ease, and read, that a Germanic appetite ripens about mid-day, and is in full gastronomic force about 3 P.M., between which hours I believe I am far from incorrect in stating that the whole city of Berlin—that is to say, every inhabitant it contains, from the humblest artisan

to those who dwell in hotels and palaces—go through the pleasant ordeal of that sensual indulgence vulgarly called dining, in support of nature. It mattereth little whether the repast commences with oysters and chablis, glides into iced champagne and salmis, terminating with mocha and curaçao, or whether the gastronomic indulgence be simply greasy soup, sausages, and sauerkraut—they dine.

This gratification concluded, the whole male sex, and at times I

greatly fear the softer sex, are wont to assist digestion by a soothing narcotic dose of tobacco. It mattereth little whether in a meerschau, a rose-briar, cigar, or cigarette, taken it is—of course only medicinally and narcotively—by ninety out of every hundred of the subjects of the monarch who declares he holds the Prussian sovereignty by the will of God, and not by the voice of the people. Meanwhile, my subject being shell-fish, and not politics, I decline to discuss the question.

As they smoke they luxuriate—as who does not?—in somnolent feelings, the usual attendants of repletion and tobacco-juice; and thus they slumber till the shades of evening announce that another sun has set. It is then time, full time, to be up and at work again, whether for pleasure or profit—generally speaking, the pleasure takes precedence—and they arise from a horsehair sofa or an easy chair, or at times a hard bench, and go forth, some to the Opera, some to the theatre, some to Kroll's garden, some to far worse places, to imbibe beer, in long glasses—at times truly bitter beer—and smoke more tobacco. What satisfactory digestions they must have! how I envy them!

On the occasion, however, to which I desire more particularly to allude—being desirous to do at Berlin as do the Berlinites—having dined, I went to the Opera; and then and there reclining in a very comfortable orchestral stall, much at the time to the benefit of my inward man, whatever the subsequent effect, I enjoyed the well-appointed, and well-danced ballet of 'Flick und Flock.' I believe that most strangers who have visited Berlin during the last year or two are as well aware as every inhabitant of that constitutional and beer-loving city, that the scene opens with the appearance of a remarkably fine lobster—I know not where caught, or by whom boiled—whose claws not having been cracked for conversion into a mayonnaise, or salad, or sauce, or pegged to prevent injury to the fingers of cooks or mankind in general, are actively

made use of to the personal inconvenience of any and every individual on the stage with whom the marine intruder may come in contact—said lobster being surrounded by one of the most pleasing displays of female understandings I ever beheld.

The amusement terminated, I blushingly admit that a combination of lobsters and female charms, soothed by sweet music, took possession of my senses—the former at length preponderating; that nothing could suffice me, on retiring to my hotel, but a lobster salad, the only company being the lobster and self. In fact, I was fully determined, ere I sought my uncomfortable Prussian bed (in which I generally found myself without any covering when morning broke), to sacrifice one of the lobster tribe to my anger or pleasure—I scarcely recollect which—for the pinches he of the ballet had inflicted on graceful ankles for my amusement.

At length I solved the problem by determining that the only way of giving ample satisfaction to ankles and appetite was to eat up for supper the largest lobster in the house; but, alas! after leaving nothing but wreck behind, against all the rules of gastronomy, I washed it down with a pint of villanous Hockheimer, at a thaler a bottle. Oh, miserable economy! instead of this, I should have subdued the indigestive effects of the rosy shell-fish with a bottle of Burgundy, or a glass of the purest old cognac, hot with, or, what is far better, a sounce of good old English Tom, hot without. The result was awful. Scarce had I placed my head on a soft pillow than I snoozed. Ah, what a painful snooze, and cruel dreams came across my fevered imagination. Alas, that wretched night! Shall I ever cease to deplore the rash act I committed? Perhaps the lobster was scarcely fresh. 'I might, being alone, have eaten too fast. Be it as it may, the horrid dream I experienced is fresh on my memory, and I give it here. It was, my friends, the cause of my writing on the lobster. Not that I attribute the evil effects of that miserable night of dark November

entirely to the lobster or the Hockheimer, but a combination of mental excitement, created by a curious taste in my palate, which induced me to imagine he was not precisely in season, which I shall, however, hereafter convince my readers was an error; neither do I consider they affect the digestive powers disagreeably, if eaten with care; for although doctors differ on the subject of crustacean food, as they do on every other subject, I am bold enough to assert that lobsters taken alive from the briny ocean, mixed with crisp, fresh-cut lettuce, from which the dew of heaven has been shaken, with a well-compounded sauce, of which I shall supply ample receipts, the acidity being corrected by a tumbler, as I have said—or even two—of London old Tom, hot without, has no evil effects whatever on the human interior, but rather creates delicious slumbers, combined with those soft and soothing mental creations which float around your pillow, as you lie half-waking, half-sleeping, and from which we all know the agony of being aroused on some dull, cold, drizzling morning, to be told you have just sixteen minutes to shave and pack, and jump into a damp cab, to be off to the railway on a line you hate to travel on.

CHAPTER II.

A NIGHT IN A LOBSTER CAVERN.

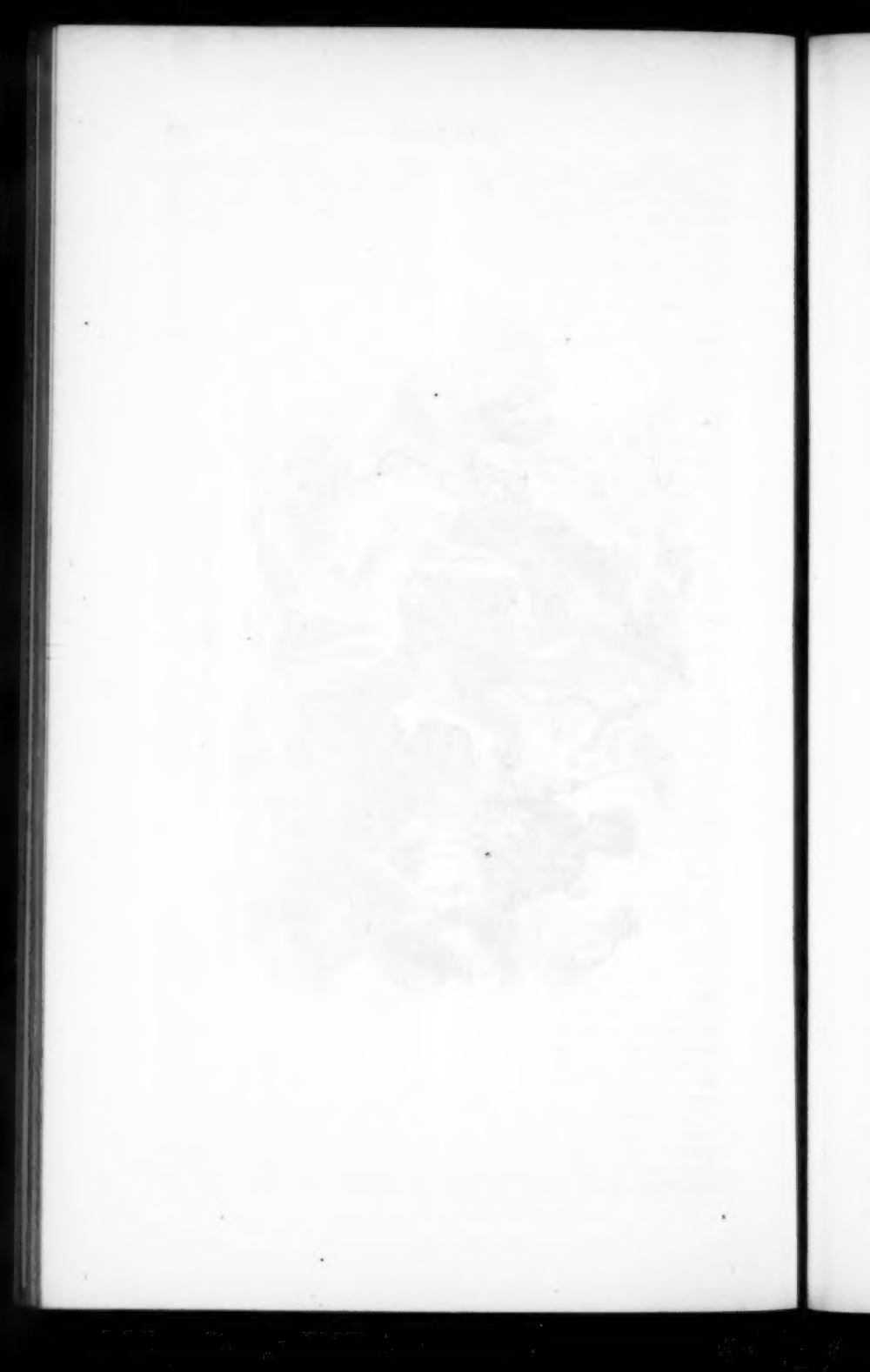
My dream! I recollect it with a vividness—even though I have since crossed the Atlantic, to say nothing of having visited half the capitals of Europe—which needs no revarnishing to bring out its agonizing records; and for many a month subsequent to the event—fiction, or the mere effects of a feverish imagination, as it might be—I looked on a lobster with a shudder, and turned from a mayonnaise, or salad, or pâté with disgust. Indeed, having on one occasion helped myself to a lobster curry—fancying it was salmon—I was well-nigh putting the whole table into hysterics by

the loud manner in which I expressed my abhorrence of the act.

The day previous to that fatal night of the lobster I had parted with a friend whom I will call Tatton, he being *en route* for the city of the Czar, while I was about to return to my fatherland, Old England. It was, as far as I can recollect, about two A.M., when, turning on my back after several restless rollings in bed from this side to that, I at last went off into a heavy, dull, feverish sleep, methought I was returning with him from a London theatre about midnight, that the cravings of hunger, or let me describe it in less vulgar terms, a desire for gastronomic indulgence, came over us. I do not clearly recollect, after this lapse of time, whether it was he or I who uttered the meritorious suggestion that we should purchase a couple of lobsters—and the fact is not important. We secured them and pocketed them, and having done so speedily attained his lodgings in the West. No sooner arrived, after a successful hunt for the lucifer-matches, than Tatton humorously hinted that I should make myself useful, which I did by spreading the table-cloth, by depriving two porter bottles of the wires which secured the corks, and then handing him sundry bottles which contained the condiments or liquids necessary for the concoction of a most appetizing sauce—as if we required an appetite. This done, he proceeded in a most artistic manner, with hammer and knife, to dissect the succulent and nourishing shell-fish, splitting them from head to tail, but carefully avoiding the escape of any of the valuable contents of the interior or red berries—they were females—terminating with a hearty laugh, as he turned to me, and with a comic expression of countenance, as if he gloated in their torture, asked if I had ever seen a lobster boiled. On my replying in the negative, and at the same time adding that I was perfectly satisfied by their rosy colour that they had possibly been compelled to undergo the painful ordeal, he added, with another diabolical ‘Ha, ha!’ which



LOBSTER SALAD—A HOLIDAY SKETCH.
Drawn by Darley.



even now, while I write these lines, sounds hideously in my ears, as it did on that dreadful night—

'You may well say painful ordeal. Have you ever tried the effects of being boiled alive?'

'No.'

'Well, let me tell you. They squeak like young pigs, in a tenor, shrill tone—ha, ha, ha!—and then they open their claws, and spread out their tails like a fan—grow red in the face, then red all over, and end in an upside-down roll in the boiling and bubbling water. Such capital fun, I assure you—lively, very! Cut the lettuce carefully,' continued Tatton—'not too large, nor too small' (we had also secured two crisp lettuces, it being the commencement of the lobster season, when our sincere allies in Paris invariably supply Covent Garden market with that excellent and sanitary green food called the Roman lettuce, unquestionably the best for the concoction of lobster salads), while he carefully spooned out the soft, delicate, and creamy substance from the animal's interior, as he did so, calmly adding, 'Did you ever think of the sensations of a lobster's interior when the hot water penetrates it?—ha, ha!—and how about his poor legs? I am not surprised at his squeaking—are you?'

And thus in our mad humour we joined in a boisterous laugh, while I was carefully extracting the delicious flesh from the shelly cavities of the animal, the recital of whose dying agonies had caused my friend so much enjoyment. I must confess that I felt somewhat sad when I calmly considered the amount of agony inflicted on animals for the daily sustenance—ay, let me rather say, the gastronomic indulgences and sensual gratifications of man—yes, and lovely woman also. These philanthropic reflections, however, by no means appeared to deter me from partaking copiously of the salad; and we terminated the night—I deplore to write it, though truth compels me to admit the fact, dream though it be—that is to say, about three A.M., we sang together in admirable time and tune, 'My pretty Jane,' in a sort of

lachrymose, falsetto voice, under the exciting influence of two quart bottles of Guinness, and about three tumblers each of gin, hot with, and only one knob of sugar—an explanation of course necessary for my lady readers, though 'tis only a dream—and we swore eternal friendship, shook hands about half a dozen times, and said good-night, retiring to bed quite sober of course, not even 'light,' as our American friends have it.

It might have been about four A.M., I cannot positively assert the time, when I thought that streams of hot oil ran down me, and I felt an oppressive weight on my chest. I tried to kick, but my legs refused to move, and then a horrible vision appeared to me. Methought I was awake, and that on my breast I saw two juvenile lobsters flapping their tails, and ever and anon crawling up to my face, and playfully, only playfully, pinching my nose with their claws. In vain I endeavoured to cast them from me, as one does a blue-bottle fly; no sooner did I lay hold of one than he slipped, like an eel, through my fingers.

'You had better lie quiet,' squeaked the youngest and smallest, in a most insolent tone. 'You have no power over us whatever; we are rapidly growing larger; and ere long we shall be strong enough to carry you off.'

Oh, horror of horrors! 'Take me where?' I exclaimed.

'Ha! ha! ha!' they responded, 'you will soon see.' And as I spake they appeared to become larger and larger, until they rolled off me with a heavy crash, like the clattering of armour, and stood erect by my bedside on their tails. The dark-purple scaly wretches appeared to me at least six feet high, with corresponding giant-like claws, which seemed to be more fitted to crush iron or stone, than flesh and bones.

'Get up, get up,' said the larger and darker of the two, staring at me with his protruding eyes, which penetrated my heart's core with agonized feelings. 'Get up, I say, and come with us. The night is very cold; we shall not allow you to dress.'

'But for goodness' sake, or for decency's sake,' I replied, 'allow me to put on my unmentionables, that is, my merino drawers.'

'Bosh,' was the answer. 'We have to slip our clothing periodically, and go about with far less than a shirt. Your merino drawers be —.' I cannot write the word. And as he uttered them, both he and his companion seized me in their sharp claws, and walked me, in my wretched *deshabille*, helplessly between them. Ere I left the room, however, I must add that they crammed my nightcap into my mouth, to prevent my roaring or squeaking, as they said, for help, causing me the most painful sensations of suffocation, especially as the tassel had gone far into my throat, and thus they dragged me through a long muddy lane. Alas, how dreadful were my sufferings! and yet my mind seemed to work even in my sleep, causing me to think that, did I escape from their clutches, I would boil some score of them, and convert them into salads, curries, and patties. And I all but made up my mind to invite the whole of Europe and America to a lobster-salad supper—Palmerston on my right hand, and Lincoln on my left.

Meanwhile, Messrs. Lobster led, or rather dragged me onwards, lacerating my flesh with their sharp claws. Scarcely could I move one leg before the other. My ears began to burn and swell; my brain was literally on fire.

'We do not intend to hurt you much now,' exclaimed the smaller shell-fish, who hitherto had silently clawed me; 'but we shall punish your friend severely.'

'But you do hurt me abominably,' I observed very meekly; 'look at my ears how they bleed. I will walk quietly between you; but do, I beseech you, take off your hands.' This I remarked in my agony, weakly imagining that I should flatter them by dropping the word *claws*.

'Claws, sir! claws!' bawled the big one; 'we have no hands, as you very well know, when you ruthlessly smash our claws and

extract therefrom the creamy, luscious, nutritive food which forms, barring our thighs, the most delicious portion of your gastronomical midnight debauches, or I should rather say, matutinal orgies, forgetful of our agony, while you destroy us by hundreds, leaving our children to mourn in the briny ocean. Claws, sir; come on.' My supplications were in vain. Onwards I was pulled, while they walked majestically on their tails, the brutes, until we came to the entrance of a rocky cavern, where I beheld—ah, excruciating horror!—a large caldron suspended from the roof, under which played and crackled a bright wood fire. Here I was desired to take a seat—with only a shirt on, recollect, and that unfortunately one of my shortest—on a heap of nutmeg graters.

In this miserable plight I gazed with agony of mind on the caldron. I heard the blazing wood crackle, and saw the sparks fly upwards; I thought of pleasant lobster suppers, past, never to recommence, and listened to the roaring, boiling, bubbling water. No other sound met my fevered brain and lacerated ears, till the voice of my unfortunate companion, Tatton, came like an earthquake on my sinking heart, crying aloud in frenzied exclamations for help; and forthwith I beheld him carried in on the back of an enormous lobster—a dark-purple monster—kicking and screeching furiously, while several smaller wretches were vigorously employed alternately pinching his legs, arms, and body with their claws.

Alas! poor fellow! how boisterously he howled! how shrill were his cries for mercy! how he kicked and fought! it was all of no use. Tom Sayers or the Benicia Boy would have been mere shrimps in their claws. At last he was thrown on the stony cavern floor, while the largest lobster, in a commanding voice, exclaimed, 'All's ready; it boils hard.'

'What!' exclaimed Tatton, almost shrieking, 'do you really mean—?' looking piteously at the caldron.

'Ha, ha, ha!' shouted the big

brute; 'do we mean? Do you mean, when you boil us by scores? Of course we mean. Did you ever see a man boiled alive? Of course you have seen many a lobster. You express its sensations so practically. They squeak like pigs, ay! We shall hear how you squeak.'

'Ha, ha, ha! and they spread out their tails, and their odious claws, and roll their protruding eyes. Ha, ha! and how red they get in the face. Your face is pale enough now, my gentleman. We shall see the effect of boiling it.'

Conceive my position, as I sat, or endeavoured to sit, bruised and bleeding on the nutmeg graters, without daring to move; indeed, I could scarcely move from fright, anger, and pain combined; moreover, without the power to aid my friend. Indeed, I fully imagined we were both about to be boiled alive. The lobsters were too many for us. Alas, how ghastly Tatton looked on the floor! how violently he trembled! Drops of agony seemed to fall from his forehead; his hands were as purple as the lobster's claws.

'You need not give yourself the trouble to undress,' said one of the brutal crustacea. It appeared they had seized him ere he had taken off his clothes, or the gin potations had caused him to be neglectful of that usual process ere he got into bed.

On hearing this, I could no longer contain myself, but plucking up courage, as I wriggled till the blood almost streamed from my denuded person, on the nutmeg graters, I exclaimed, in a subdued and half-choking voice, 'My good friends, most amiable crustacean gentlemen and ladies, why that caldron? you really do not mean to b-b-boil him.'

'Good friends! amiable crustaceans! bosh, I say again,' roared the big lobster, who was evidently the superior, the grandfather, for aught I know, of the lobster tribe. 'Good eating we are, you mean, when boiled.'

'Ha, ha, ha!' exclaimed all the lobsters, now gathering around him, and giving him an occasional pinch, to remind him of his living

individuality. 'Don't mean to boil him! Of course we do. Has he anything to say to his wife or children, parents or friends, ere we cast him into the caldron? It is thus we are served by male cooks in white caps, and female cooks with red noses.'

'Ye—ye—yes,' muttered poor Tatton in a faint, mild voice, making an effort to tickle the lobster nearest to him under the armpit, that is to say, the clawpit. 'Ye—yes. Spare me, my good fellows. I swear in future to respect your race. I will eat no more lobster-salads, no more lobster-curries, no more lobster anything. I renounce lobster eating for ever. I will get into Parliament, and bring in a bill proving that lobsters can no longer be considered as food for the human species. Henceforth I will confine myself wholly and solely to oyster suppers and half-and-half.'

'No more gammon,' said one of the young lobsters; 'time flies. Put him in, granddad. Let's hear him squeak like a young pig. Open his claws, spread out his tail—grow red in the face; he is white enough now. Give him an upside-down roll in the bubbling water. Such capital fun!—lively, very. Then we'll eat him. How jolly!'

'Hold your tongue, boy,' said the big lobster. 'And you, sir,' turning to Tatton, 'do you remember your words when smashing two of our fellow-creatures to satisfy your craving appetite, while that fellow on the graters there cut up the lettuces and opened the porter?'

'Oh yes, sir! I assure you it was all a joke. I pity your sufferings from my heart, although my gastronomic feelings may have caused me to err. I regret having unwittingly offended you. Have mercy!'

'Bah!' replied the big lobster, 'for centuries past our race have suffered at your hands. We suffered and submitted as little boys at school submit to big bullies; but we have caught one of you at last; and may your fate be a warning to the lobster boiling and eating world at large!' And with these words he clawed him up, and holding him for

half a minute, spite his convulsive efforts to escape, dropped him with a tremendous splash into the boiling, bubbling water of the caldron. The shrieks of agony which followed were awful. I fainted—that is, I mean to say I awoke, to find myself lying on my back in my shirt in a heavy perspiration, and turning on my side beheld a ‘kellner,’ that is, a German boots, in his shirt sleeves, who was splashing and pouring an immense pitcher of cold water into my matutinal bath, while, the door being open, he was complaining in a loud voice to another kellner, who ought to have been cleaning boots, but who was doing nothing in the passage, as to the absurdity of English travellers feeling it necessary to wash themselves matutinally, thus causing him to drag up large pitchers of water from the Spey, which ran hard by my hotel. It was the splash, doubtless, of this water into my bath which terminated my horrid dream, to say nothing of the chattering boots.

Dreams are indeed oftentimes very strange: nothing, indeed, appears too absurd for a dream. Nevertheless, the effects not seldom remain for days together on the mind, leading occasionally to unforeseen events, or rather confirming the saying that coming events cast their shadows before. My bath filled, I turned calmly on my side, and slept deliciously for an hour, when, having dressed and hailed the new-born day, I proceeded to breakfast, but no lobster; the dream literally haunted me. Time and patience, however, get through the longest and most dreary day, as does it many other unpleasant phases in life's career. I have long since taken courage, and eat, have eaten, and intend to eat no end of lobsters and lobster salads. And as I have a fellow-feeling for all men, I wish them to become better acquainted with the animal Lobster in its natural state and in its gastronomic excellencies. Therefore I sing of the Lobster.

LADY FELICIA.

PERFECT in graceful luxury was the room,
Replete with beauty, laden with perfume
Lavished from flowers half drooping with their bloom.

Lady Felicia, rich, high-born, and fair,
Reclining in her velvet-cushioned chair,
Her jewelled fingers toying with her hair,—

Dreamed, as all women dream, and none but they :—
Duchess and peasant—girl and matron gray,
Each hath her dream,—from which she wakes, one day

And thus Felicia sat alone, and dreamed
Some pleasant noon-tide fantasy, it seemed,
So soft the lustre in her eyes that beamed.

‘Others may love in sunshine,—I would fain
Share, rather than my loved one's joy, his pain,
That I might soothe his heart to peace again.

‘Others may care for riches—but to me
It seems that to be poor is to be free ;
And Love is mightiest in adversity.

‘Who will may have world-splendour, rank, and power ;
Let me be to my love his life's one flower,
Sole cherished in an else deserted bower



DESIGNED BY H. H. JENKINS.

LADY FELICIA.

(See the Poem.)

half a minute, spite his convulsive efforts to escape, dropped him with a tremendous splash into the boiling, bubbling water of the cauldron. The shrieks of agony which followed were awful. I faintly—that is, I mean to say I awoke, to find myself lying on my back in my shirt as a heavy perspiration, and turning on my side beheld a 'kellner,' that is, a German boots, in his shirt sleeves, who was splashing and pouring an immense pitcher of cold water into my mattress with such effect, the noise being equal to the screaming of a hundred steam-boiler engines, who ought to have been cleaning boots, but who was doing nothing in the passage, as to the absurdity of English travellers feeling it necessary to wash themselves meticulously, thus sending him to drag up large pitchers of water from the Spa, which can be had by my hotel. It was the splash, doubtless, of this water into my bath which precipitated my horrid dream, to my waking of the chattering boots.

Dreams are indeed oftentimes very strange: nothing, indeed, appears so absurd for a dream. Nevertheless, the effects not seldom remain for days together on the mind, leading occasionally to unforeseen events, or rather confirming the saying that coming events cast their shadows before. My bath filled, I turned calmly on my side, and slept deliciously for an hour, when, being dressed and hailed the new-day, I proceeded to breakfast, but no lobster; the dream literally haunted me. Time and patience, however, got through the bogged and most dreary day, as does in many other unpleasant places in life's career. I have long since taken courage, and eat, here eaten, and intend to eat no end of delicious lobster salads. And as I have a fellow-feeling for all men, I wish them to become better acquainted with the animal Lobster in its natural state and in its gastronomic excellencies. Therefore I sing of the Lobster.

THE SONG.

Others may dream of roses on the rock,
I dream of roses, and with perfume
Scented from flowers that sleep with their bloom.

Lady Felicia, rich, high-born, and fair,
Reclines in her velvet-embroidered chair,
Her jewelled fingers toying with her hair,—

Dressed, as all women dream, and none but they—
Duchess and peasant—girl and matron gray,
Each hath her dream,—from which she wakes, one day

And thus Felicia sat alone and dreamed
Of some pleasant dream-like fantasy, it seemed,
As well the roses in her eyes that beamed.

'Others may seek in sunshine,—I would fain
Shine, rather than my loved one's joy, his pain,
That I might soothe his heart to peace again.

'Others may care for riches—lust to me
It seems that to be poor is to be free;
And Love is mightiest in adversity.

'Who will may have world-splendour, rank, and power;
Let me be to my love his life's one flower,
And flourish in an else deserted tower



Drawn by E. E. Johnson.

LADY FELICIA.

[See the Poem.]

'For trouble doth two spirits much unite:
In grief, true love gives forth so clear a light,
As stars glow brightest in the darkest night.

'Together, there's no ill that we need dread:
Though wrathful clouds should gather overhead,
Through darkness each by each would safe be led.

'Together, we might dare all storms of Fate,
And for returning calm in faith would wait;—
So love doth strengthen—and doth consecrate.

'Clad in this armour proof—so true, so sure,
We should be brave to combat and endure,
And through all tainting struggle might pass, pure

'Right proud were I love's burdens so to bear—
Right fondly would I claim all pain to share—
Striving alway to ease his every care.

'And when a-weary with the world's hard strife,
He should come *home*, as to a holier life,
Finding sweet rest and peace with me—his wife!"

Upon the word Felicia paused awhile,
And o'er her face a gleam, half blush, half smile,
Stole—trying its sweet gravity to beguile.

Till lips, eyes, cheeks, their lesson had been taught,
And the reflection of her rosy thought
Even her dimpled neck had faintly caught.

The eyes drooped presently, their lashes wet,—
Ah, complex thoughts!—tumultuously they met,
While the low whisper came,—'And yet—and yet—?'

The yearning, asking words were all—no more,—
A gentle hand unclosed the chamber door;
Felicia started up,—her day-dream o'er.

'Nugent is waiting, dear, to say good-bye—
He's going off to Spain, immediately.'
Felicia, white, but stately, uttered—'Why,

'That's sudden, isn't it?' and tried to look
Calm, in her mother's eyes. Her mother took
Her soft hands, softly;—then the young girl shook

From head to foot, in desperate undisguise,
Until the tender voice said—'What is this,
My darling?' melting in a long, fond kiss.

'So cold to him, we thought. Yet—is it so?
You—love him?' On the pale cheek came a glow.
Felicia whispered, 'I—I did not know—'

Then, like a frightened bird that seeks its nest,
She drooped her head upon her mother's breast,
And in faint sobbings told her all the rest.

And Nugent is of lowly birth, of course—
A struggling Worker—artist, or e'en worse,
Perhaps a poet, with a poet's purse?

And she will be his cherished flower—his light,
Sole shining on the darkness of the night,
To help and solace him through Life's sore fight?

Ah!—womanly consistency's a pearl
Of infinite rareness. She was but a girl
Who dreamed that dream, the while she loved—the Earl.

Yes, one of England's proudest. Wealth and power
Are hers, who, dreaming in that idle hour,
Aspired to love, as life's sufficient dower,—

And dared to *wish* for sorrow, pain, and care.
Alas! fair Countess, these come everywhere—
To golden palace, as to hovel bare.

While Love, the strengthening and healing one,
Shineth on all as he hath ever shone—
Dwells in a hut, but does not spurn a throne.



Drawn by M. Morgan.

ALONE WITH THE TIDE.—A SEA-SIDE SKETCH.





Drawn by M. Ellen Edwards.

HER FIRST SEASON!

[See the Poem.]

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